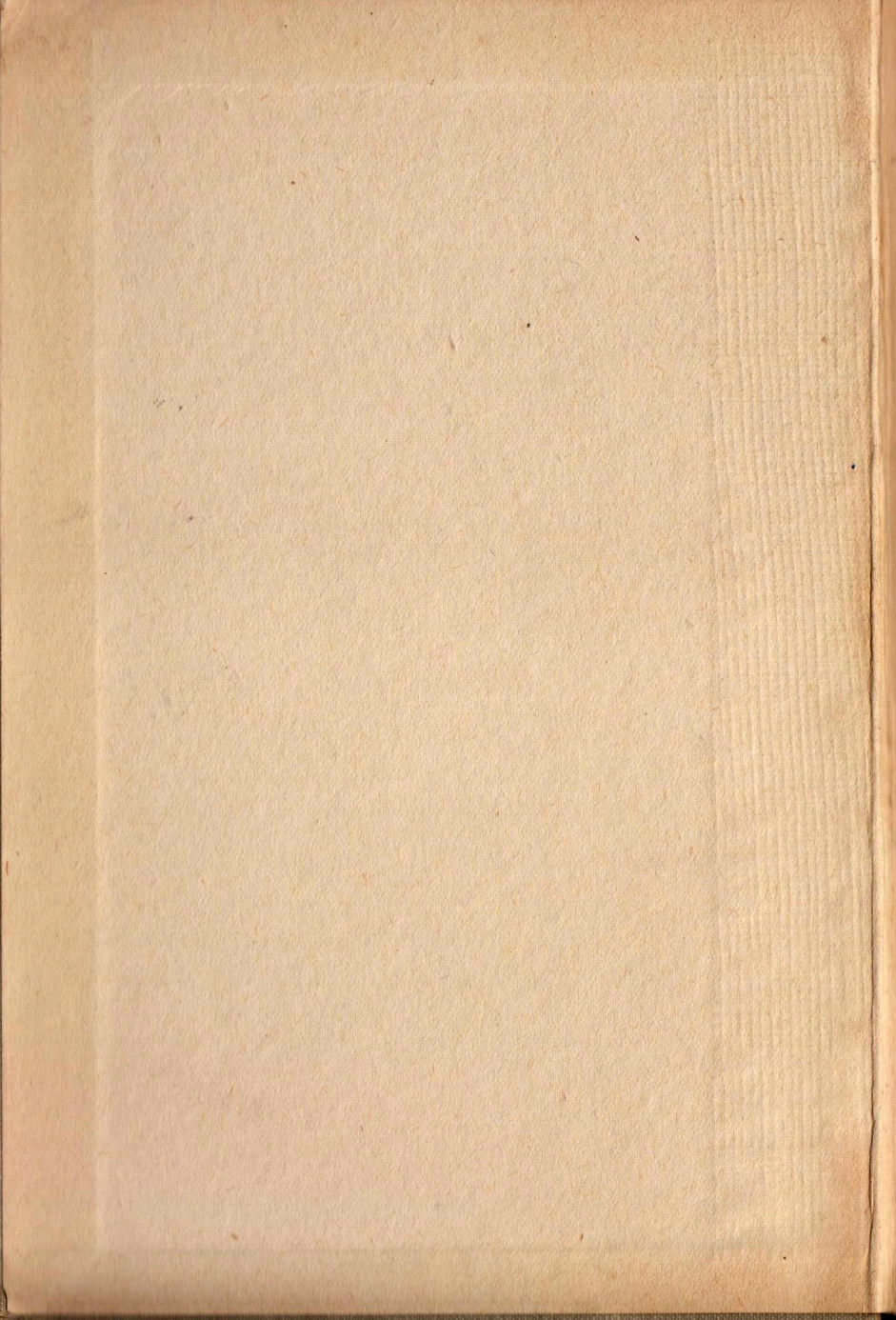
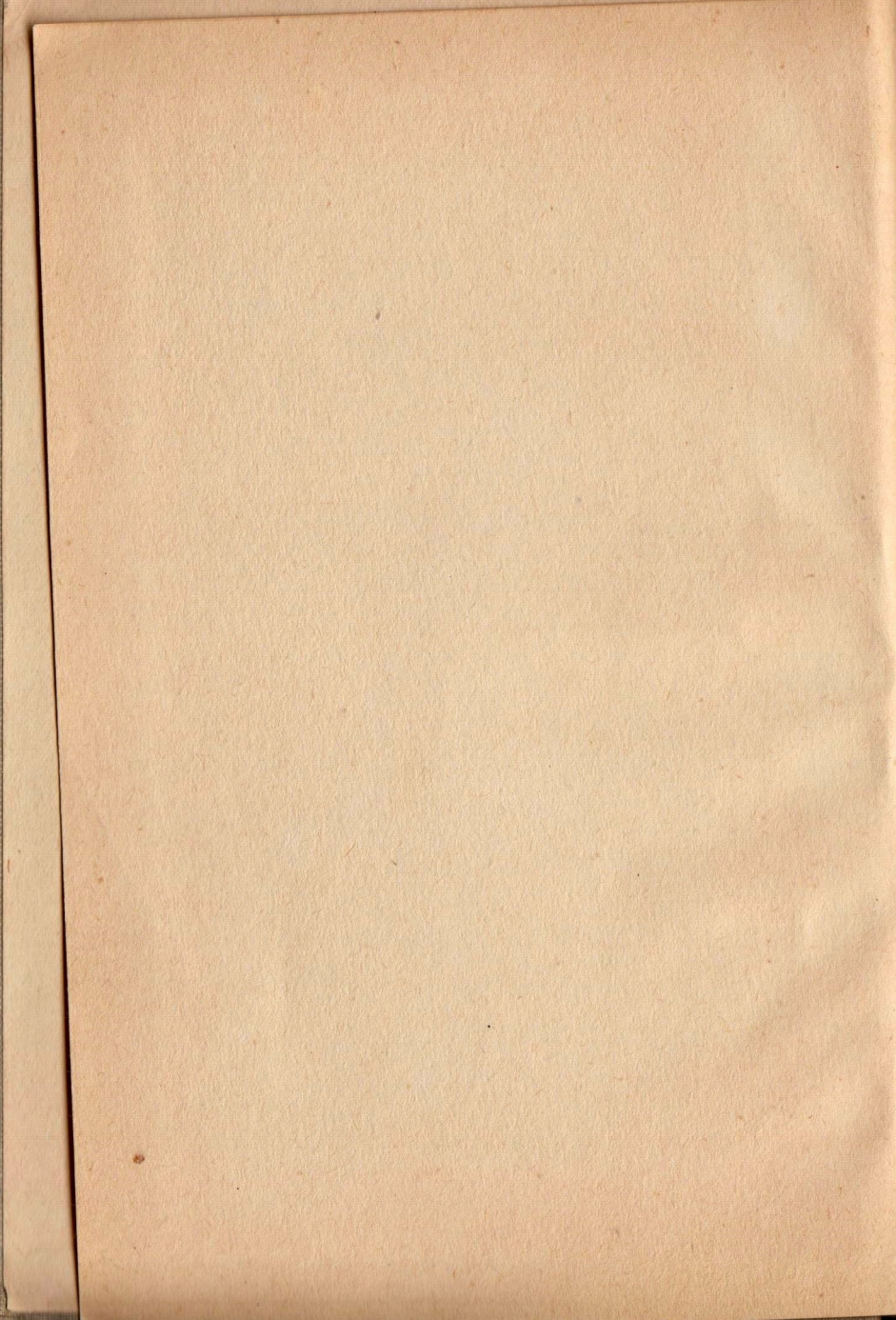


**THE
MYSTERIOUS
COBBLER**

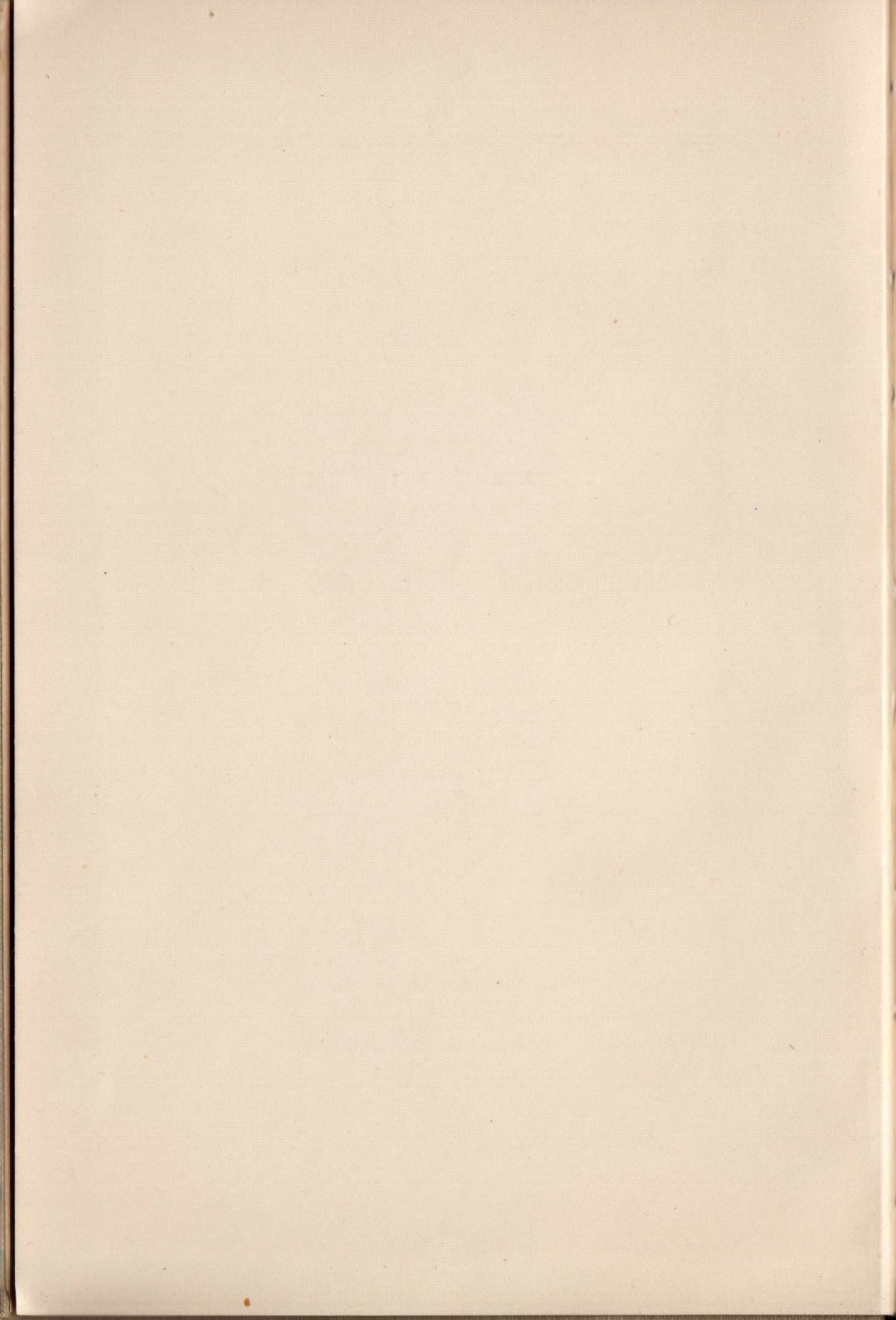


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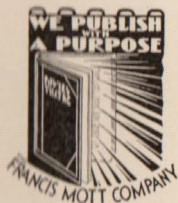


THE MYSTERIOUS COBBLER



THE MYSTERIOUS COBBLER

Being the Story of
ARTHUR SPRAY of Bexhill
*who has natural magnetic powers;
told by himself*

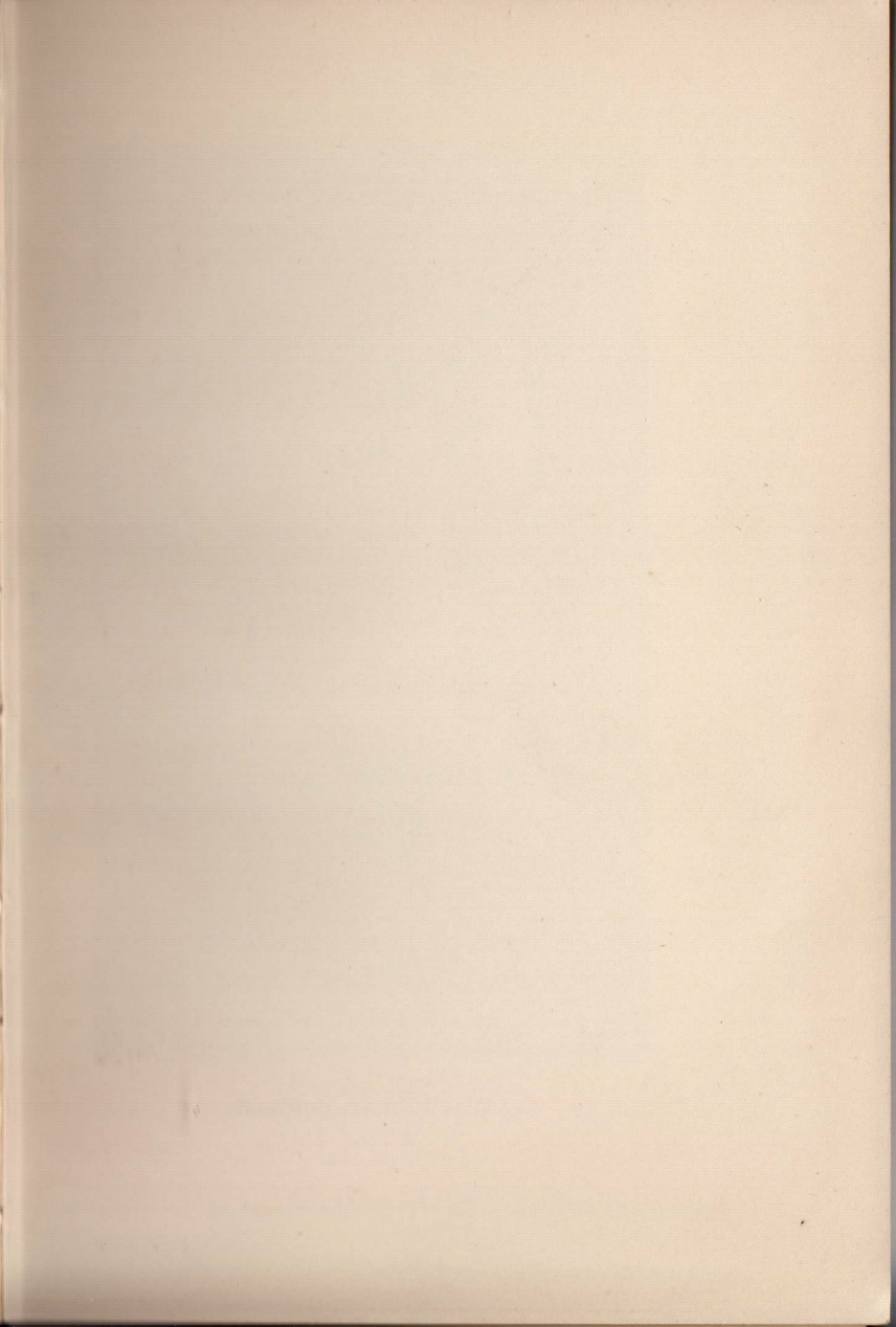


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ARTHUR SPRAY, COBBLER

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

I FIRST met Arthur Spray four years ago. At that time I saw him put a labourer into a trance and make him lift his hands above his head for the first time in twelve months. Later on I permitted him to pass his fingers lightly over my head, whereupon a headache, which had been troubling me for hours, ran from my head like water. In reply to a question, and to demonstrate his power, he passed his hands over my eyes and left me with blurred sight; then he blew upon me and my eyes were clear again.

Arthur Spray makes no pretences. That is why I like him. He does not pretend to possess knowledge. He merely does things and leaves the explanation to others. He is pretty shrewd, however, with that shrewdness which calls forth respect. He has an eye for newspaper men, journalists, and doctors—because he has been bitten by them in the past.

When I first met him he eyed me with an alarming directness. I will not say that he tried to hypnotize me, but he certainly made me feel that I should not care to tell him a lie. He asked me straight out what my interest in him was, and he watched me for a long time before he would tell me much.

Since that day I have grown to number Arthur Spray among my friends. I have seen him in moods which vary between the extremes of domineering autocracy when he is at work, and childish open-minded simplicity when he is relaxed.

As a publisher of books dealing with the latent mental and spiritual qualities of mankind, I feel that Arthur Spray's life has a place to fill that is peculiarly its own. In these days of interest in psychic matters there is bound to be a great deal of charlatanry; and it is refreshing to hear of a man who claims nothing, and has no self-imposed mission to fulfil, but who laughed at the people who told him that he possessed peculiar powers, and continued to laugh until the laughter was wiped off his face by

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the shock of finding the powers working before his own innocent eyes.

Finally, I want to thank the Editor of the *Sunday Dispatch* for his impartial and utterly unbiased review of all the facts submitted to him, and his willingness to give Mr. Spray an opportunity of displaying his powers.

I have also to thank him for permitting me to use the excellent photographs of Mr. Spray which his cameraman took, under my direction.

The evidence of Mr. Spray's powers had, of course, to be demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Editor of the *Sunday Dispatch* before he would consent to the serialization of the book, and I feel sure that a little report of the actual demonstration given to him will prove to be as interesting as anything in this book.

On Thursday, January 3rd, 1935, I wired for Mr. Spray and Alice to come to my office at four o'clock in the afternoon. They came without knowing in the least what was expected of them—in fact, I must confess that, knowing Mr. Spray, I was

rather afraid to tell him over the telephone what was afoot in case he refused to come at all.

At about four o'clock two representatives of the *Sunday Dispatch* also arrived, and after a few preliminary introductions and remarks the demonstration began. It was a little difficult to decide exactly what should be done. We had asked the Editor to send round somebody with a pain, but the whole staff at Northcliffe House appeared to be singularly hale and hearty at that particular time.

After a few moments of discussion I decided that it would be best to give the newspaper men a demonstration of hypnotism, and so Mr. Spray fixed his magnetic eyes upon Alice and commanded her to sleep, whereupon she fell back into her chair in a quick and deep sleep. The newspaper men leaned forward in their chairs and were invited to pinch poor Alice as unmercifully as they liked, but before even a slight pinch could be administered Alice flung up her hands towards a corner of my office and in a hoarse voice described a man

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hanging there by his thumbs. I was not surprised to find that such an old building as Staple Inn had these lingering and perceptible memories: in fact, our friend the inn-keeper reports that mysterious footsteps are frequently heard running up the deserted stairs at night, and I believe that one tenant living in the Inn has reported having seen Doctor Johnson in number five.

Spray soon brought Alice back, however, as not only was she very unhappy at what she was "seeing," but there was nothing in the incident to provide proof for a couple of sceptical newspaper men. We then moved her into another corner and Spray sent her off again. This time Alice was quite calm and Spray turned to the pressmen. "Ask her a question," he said quickly. One of the men leaped at the opportunity. "I've just left an important conference," he said. "Tell me something about it."

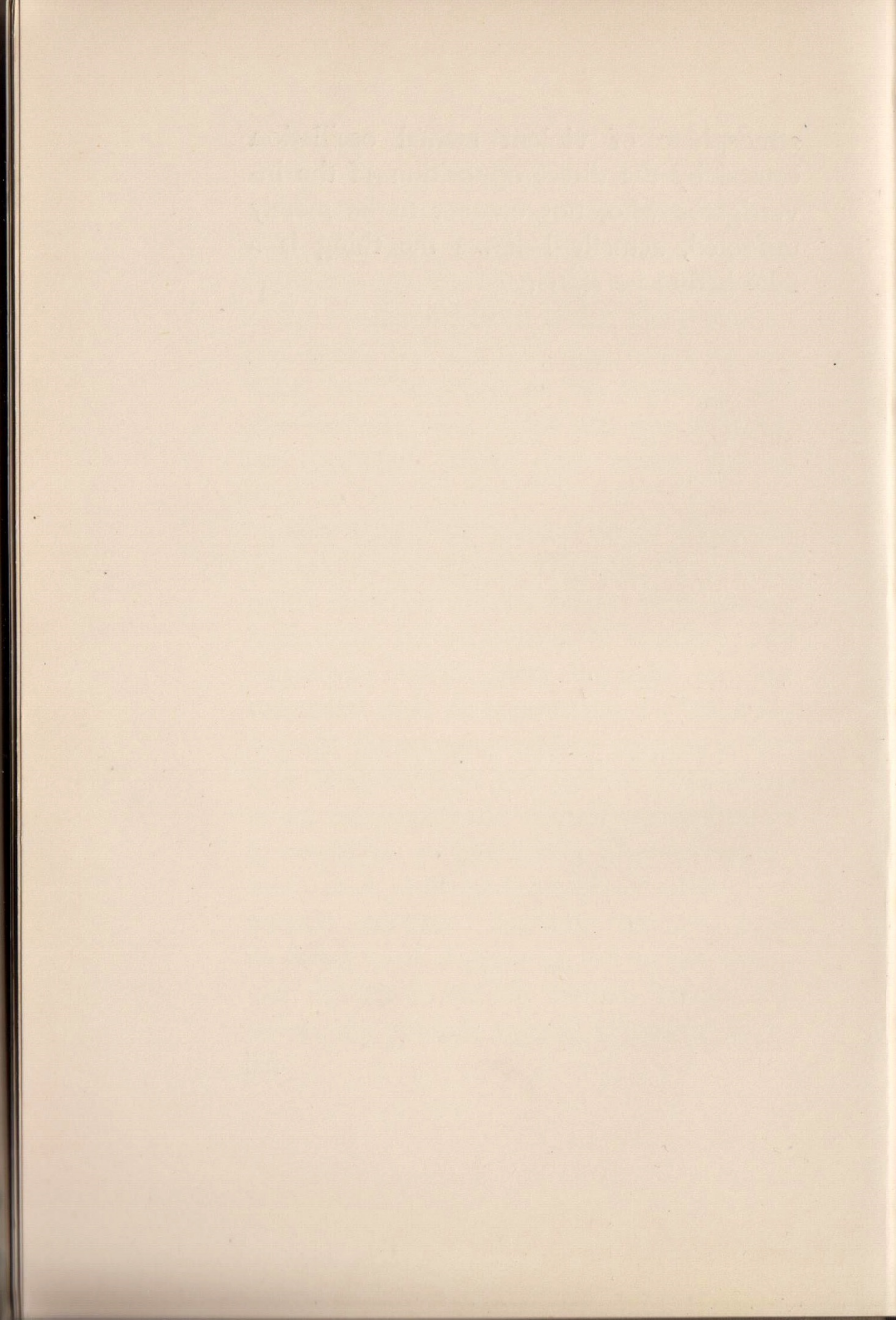
For a brief moment there was a pause and then Alice's face began to take on a strange appearance. She began to speak and to tell us what had happened at the

conference. "Marvellous!" I heard a voice whisper in my ear, and I realized that the demonstration was being a complete success. Alice not only underwent a partial transfiguration into the likeness of one of the men at the conference from which our pressmen had come, but she told them more or less what had happened at the meeting, and gave an indication of the best way to tackle the problem which had arisen out of it.

After that there was no doubt about the attitude of the *Sunday Dispatch*, and I must repeat that the Editor and his staff deserve high praise for the balance of sympathy and scepticism which they brought to our successful little demonstration, for what the average investigator seldom realizes is that it is as difficult to get psychic phenomena in an unsympathetic mental atmosphere as it would be to perform a physical experiment in a physical atmosphere which was entirely adverse. Nobody expects water to freeze over a gas-ring, yet nearly everyone expects to see the human "radio set" detect the subtlest mental vibrations in an

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atmosphere of violent mental oscillation caused by the direct opposition of the investigator who, not content to be merely unfooled, actually believes the thing is a fake before he starts.



AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

I HAVE never sought publicity of any kind, but it seems to have sought me. I suppose this is quite natural when you consider that I am alleged to have powers which ordinary people do not possess and in which they do not even believe.

As a matter of fact, I don't blame anybody for disbelieving in the powers which I possess because I laughed at them myself until I found things beginning to happen.

However, since I have got these powers, and since they seem to interest a great number of people (I have had important doctors, scientists, millionaires and titled people in my little shop), I suppose it was only natural that I should one day be called upon to write a book.

I sincerely hope that my simple story will help and interest many people, and that it may give comfort to many people to know that we need not be slaves of our bodies

because I am convinced that the power which I possess naturally can be found in us all.

I do not wish to brag in this book, I do not claim to explain anything, nor do I wish to found a sort of vague sect on the strength of what I do. I am not a Spiritualist, nor am I a yogi. I am just a shoemaker, and I am ready to help any sufferer without money and without price, and to answer any genuine enquirer—though they have to prove their genuineness first.

So don't expect to read a wonderful revelation. Just read what I say with an open mind—which is how it is given to you.

ARTHUR SPRAY.

16, Station Road,
Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

CHAPTER I

PLAIN ME

I WAS born in 1889 at a little village called Sidley which is near to Bexhill-on-Sea. My poor mother had already borne thirteen children when I appeared on the scene, and my dear father died when I was thirteen months old and left me as the youngest of thirteen children, one of the tribe having died just previously.

The name of the house wherein I was born was called 'The Black House,' and this formed part of Spray's Cottages, so named, not because of any importance attaching to my father, but because they belonged to his brother who then owned a good deal of property in the neighbourhood.

I don't know if any of my readers can envisage the plight of a poor woman left without money and with a regiment of thirteen children to cope with. It is astounding

to me that she ever reared us at all. She had been a hospital nurse before her marriage, however, and this may have given her a training which just suited the task she had to face.

Although I honour my mother's memory, I must say that there was no gentleness attaching to my home life. It was all kicks and almost on ha'pence—for my pocket-money was just one halfpenny per week even when I was adding quite a decent sum to the family coffers.

I started work when I was seven years old. I used to get up at six in the morning, make a round with hot rolls, then take a round of newspapers, and when this was finished I would run errands for four different shops. After that I would (sometimes) go to school, but my attendance was so erratic owing to "pressure of business" that it was scarcely observed when I ceased to attend at the age of twelve.

When I was eight years of age I would tramp over ten miles a day with papers on my back, and if I came back with any "overs" or with a halfpenny short, I would get a thrashing.

Even then I used to manage to call in for parcels at a chemist's shop, a boot shop, and a draper's.

In this manner I succeeded in adding fifteen shillings a week to the family purse, out of which I used to get, as I have said, the total commission of one halfpenny.

Perhaps you will not believe it, but in between these little jaunts I used to have to help in the house; and I was scrubbing floors, cleaning silver, cracking coke, and making beds when most young men are still being taken to kindergarten. However, as I say, don't think this was because my mother was a slave-driver, for you must remember that we had to live as an army, and our discipline had to be strict or she would never have kept us fed, let alone clothed.

When I left school at the age of twelve I became carrier's boy on a van that ran between Bexhill and Hastings. After three years of this I became a porter at Marina Court flats in Bexhill, and only left this at the age of nineteen because I got married.

So the age of nineteen found me married and without a job. My wife and I then did

what everyone seems to do when they are out of a job—we went to London. There I did everything from house-painting at two-pence-halfpenny an hour, to trimming trees and scraping out letter-boxes. One day I was walking round by Rushey Green, Catford, when I noticed that a photographer was in need of an assistant. I went in and applied for the job and got it. So you will see that I have turned my hand to a good many jobs.

But the old home town called me, and after a few years I went back to Bexhill and started in as a navvy working on the groynes which were then being built on the front. After this I went on to a building and worked as a bricklayer's labourer—carrying a hod up the ladder and down again. This was in 1914.

The intervening years of the war I do not wish to talk about. They were painful beyond words. We will leave it at that.

It was not until the war was over that I began to hear anything beyond the ordinary daily routine. Up to that time I was just a healthy animal—that is to say, I had no time for any thought beyond the ordinary animal

needs and desires of everyday life. My first little awakening came to me when I was acting in the capacity of a district visitor for a slate club to which I belonged. I had to take the money round to the sick folk, one of whom was an old man who had, so I thought at the time, rather morbid and unhealthy habits. He used to take my hands and hold them during the whole of my visit, and he would fix me with his eyes and smile at me in a queer unhealthy sort of way. I hated the whole business. It seemed almost disgusting to me. At last I could stand it no longer. Upon the particular evening on which I challenged him he had held my hands for a quarter of an hour, and when I sought to go he pleaded for just another five minutes. "Look here!" I said quite angrily, "what's your game?"

"Game?" he asked in a weak quavering voice. "Game, mate? This ain't no game. Do you know why I want to hold your hands?"

Rather chastened, but with no idea in the world as to what his answer might be, I had to confess that I did not.

“Well, I’ll tell you,” the old chap said very quietly and with some difficulty. “And, mind you, I know what I’m talking about; I’ve been round the world three times and I’ve never met but one other like you. You’ve got the healing touch, my boy, that’s what it is—the healing touch.”

I looked a bit dumbfounded, I suppose. I couldn’t have looked anything else, because I was utterly at sea. I wanted to laugh, but the poor old man was so serious about it that I just could not. However, the long and the short of it was that at the end of the week he told me he was better.

“It’s you,” he said, “not doctor’s medicine, that has done the trick.”

I am afraid I laughed then. He was better and it didn’t seem to matter if I let off a little of my feelings. Still, it didn’t seem to matter to the old man, he just shook his head and was quite content to be well again.

Shortly after this experience I took a boat trip to Folkestone. The weather was pretty nasty and the boat rolled a good deal. I was strolling, or staggering, across the deck when I saw a girl of about nineteen hanging

over the taffrail and looking like a piece of chewed string. The girl looked so ill, and I was so sorry for her, that I went up to her and said: "Excuse me a minute, perhaps I can help you." She seemed quite unable to make any comment, so I placed one hand on her forehead, and somehow or another my other hand found its way to the back of her neck. I had scarcely done this when she looked up and said in quite a normal voice: "What have you done?"

I replied: "Nothing. Why?"

Then she told me that both her headache and her sickness were quite gone. "That's good," I answered, and we shook hands and parted.

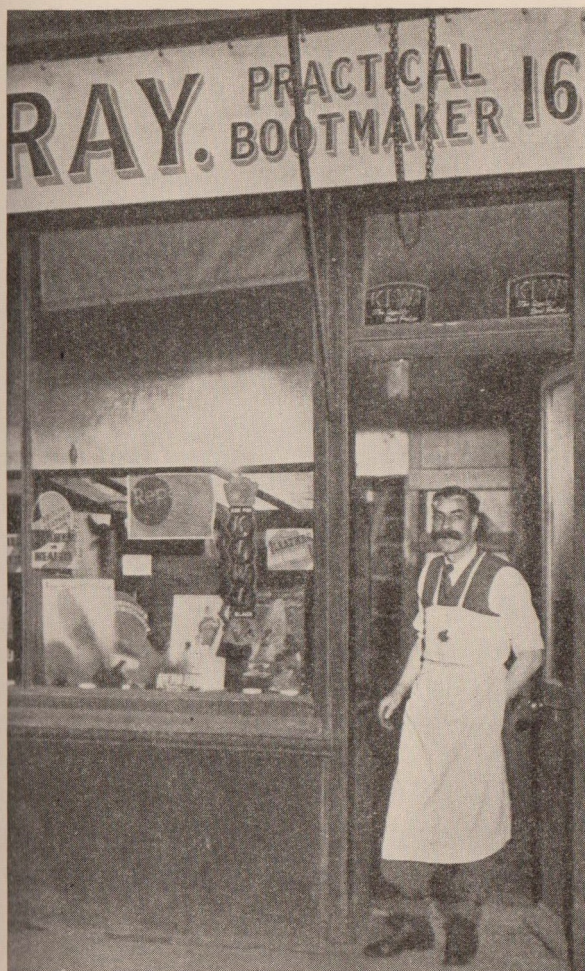
I was rather thunderstruck by this second episode. Imagine yourself in the same predicament. Of course, you will laugh and say that you cannot imagine yourself in it because you have not got my powers. But you must bear in mind that when all this happened to me I was in no sense different from the most arrant disbeliever in such matters. I simply did not believe that I had taken the girl's headache away—any more

than I believed that I had cured the old man on the slate club. So I say again, imagine yourself in my predicament!

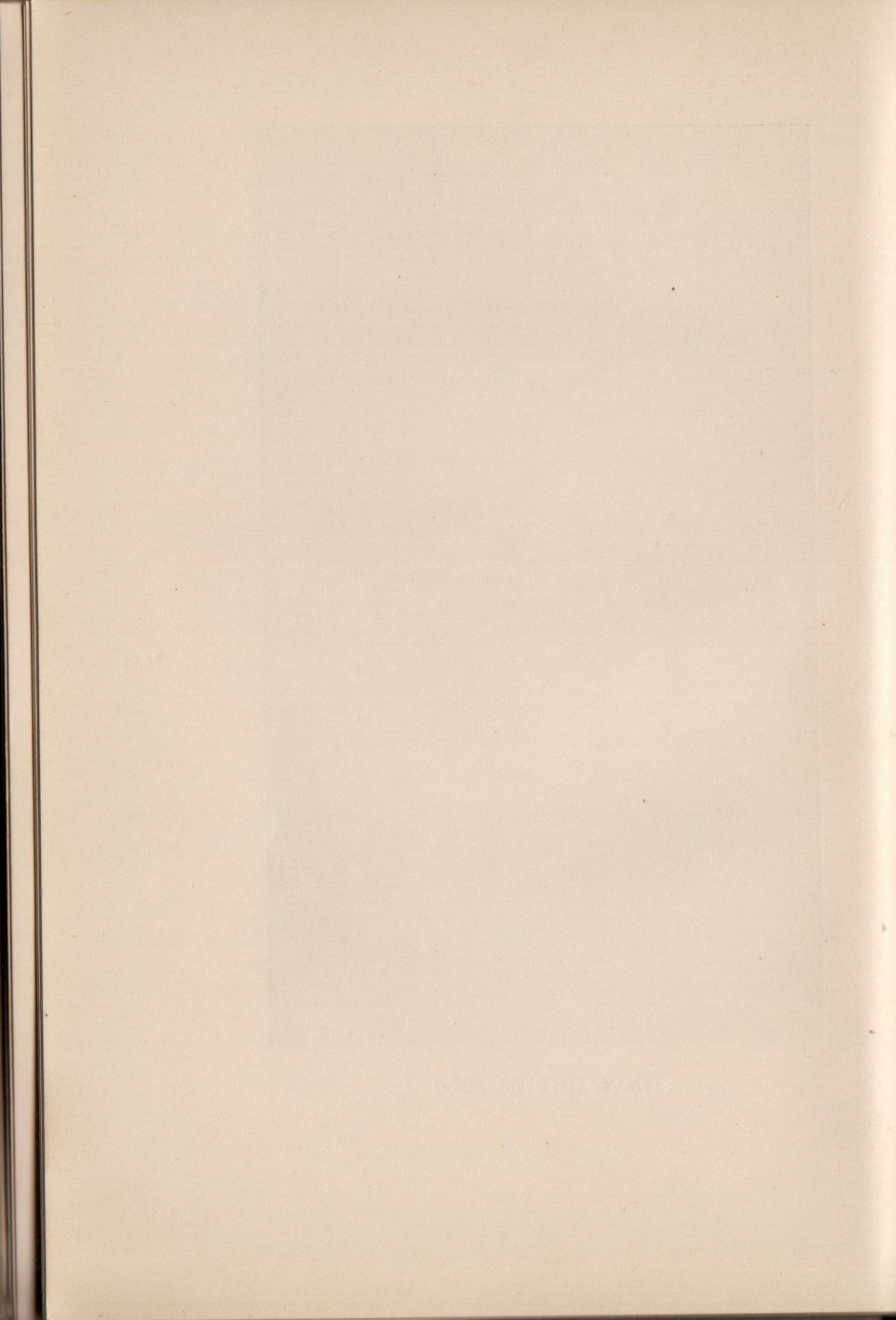
Then one day I met a chap called Harry. He was a navvy like myself and an ex-sailor. We met in a public-house to which I had gone for a chat over a lemonade—I was the joke of my pals because I could not take any alcohol. Harry started to tell the boys that he could put people to sleep and make them do what he wanted. He called it hypnotism. He described the queer things people will do when they are “asleep” and everybody listened intently because it was good fun: but nobody believed him, and I was the chief disbeliever.

In the meantime I had started in business in Bexhill as a shoemaker on my own account. In the course of my business I used to call on two maiden ladies who were very kind to me. I happened to tell these ladies about the slate club incident and also about the girl on the boat, and they seemed to be very interested.

Well, one day I called at the house for orders and one of the sisters came to the



SPRAY AND HIS SHOP



door and said that her sister had got a terrible headache. I said to her jokingly: "I'd better take it away for her." But she didn't treat my words as a joke, and bade me go in and try.

I was in a bit of a jam, but I laughed it off and went into the house. The lady ushered me in and said to her sister: "Here is Mr. Spray come to take your headache away." The sick lady smiled at me, and I put a bold face on the matter and hoped that I wouldn't make a fool of myself.

I put my hands gently on her head, just as I had done to the girl on the boat. For a few moments I stroked away at her head feeling a bit sheepish. No word came from the patient. I hoped that she was feeling better. Her sister asked her, "Are you feeling better, dear?" The patient made no answer, and gave no sign that she had even heard the question.

"Are you better, dear?" the sister repeated. Still no reply.

At this I took a hand and asked the woman why she did not reply to her sister's question.

"I cannot hear what she says," came the surprising answer.

"Why can't you hear?" I asked, an awful thought beginning to gnaw at my mind.

Like a flash the answer came back: "Because I am asleep."

The other sister jumped up in a state of alarm which did nothing to mend my very uncomfortable position. What to do I simply did not know. Here was I with a hypnotized woman and with no more idea of how to wake her than the man in the moon. As far as I was concerned, and so far as I knew, she might easily go on sleeping till the day of judgment.

Then suddenly an idea came to me. You know how these things do come. "Harry!" I said aloud. "Where's Harry?" For I remembered that Harry was the man who knew about hypnotism. Harry must be found at once.

That was all very well, but what was this woman going to do whilst I had gone? For all I knew about it she might suddenly take to chasing out of the house and be run over

by a motor. I remembered that Harry had said that a sleeping person will do all you tell them to do. So, on the off-chance, and because I had to leave her anyhow, I said to her: "Now, you just stay there till I come back. Don't move!"

Then I gave a word to the other sister and rushed out of the house and pedalled off down the road as fast as I could.

I went to the builder's yard where Harry worked, and was told that he was digging a trench along with a gang. Off I went again, and at last pulled up, trembling like a leaf, at the trench. I saw Harry busy with his pick at the bottom. "Hi! Harry," I called out. "I've gone and put a lady to sleep and I can't wake her up." Harry looked up in astonishment, and then, when he realized what had happened, he gave a broad grin, which comforted me no end. He came up out of the trench. "Come and wake her up, mate, will you?" I pleaded. Harry looked round to where the foreman stood, and he jerked a head in his direction. "Better ask the gaffer," he said.

Off I went to the foreman and I told him

my story. At first he didn't seem to know what to make of me, but after a minute he called Harry over and told him to go down to the yard to get some tools, and he gave us a wink which told us a lot. So Harry and I got on our bicycles and went off to wake up the little lady—or so I hoped.

When we got to the house we found her still fast asleep with her sister wringing despairing hands over her. "There she is," I said to Harry. He went over and looked at her closely. "She's asleep all right, mate," he said, "and she's pretty deep, too."

"Don't I know it," I said. "Don't tell me she's asleep. You fetch her out quick, for God's sake."

"I can't," said Harry, "leastways, not till you give her over to me."

Now I hadn't the slightest idea of how to do that, but Harry showed me how. He told me to put my hand on her shoulder and say to her: "All right, miss, it's me. Now I want you to do exactly as my friend here tells you. You are now in his power, not in mine."

Then Harry bent down and spoke to her,

and made a few passes over her face. At this to my utter relief, the little old lady woke up and said in a very quiet voice: "Oh, I feel wonderful now, and my headache has quite gone." Just like that—as if nothing had happened.

I heaved a deep sigh, and looked hard at Harry. Then I came to myself with a sort of shock and realized the full meaning of what had passed.

Despite myself, I was a hypnotist.

CHAPTER II

HOW I DO IT

PEOPLE often ask me how I do it. They want to know how I can take pains away and make people go to sleep. The fact is I don't know, and so I shall find it very difficult to tell anyone else.

All I know about myself, in so far as I differ from the average man, is this, that I have a terrible power of concentration. I call it a terrible power because in a way it is. It can get hold of me to such an extent that I can see only the thing I want to see. Put me in a room with a thousand people and I will concentrate on one of those people, or even his watch-chain, to such a degree that everything else will vanish as if in a dream. I shall see only that person or that watch-chain, and everybody else will be non-existent.

If I concentrate on a person like that it

is pretty certain that they will go to sleep. Therefore, I have to be very careful not to fix people too much with my eyes, and one man to whom I explained that fact said he was very glad to hear it as he had formed the impression that I had "shifty eyes." I can assure you that my eyes are anything but shifty, and my job is to keep myself from fixing people too hard. I have often done it; and had them go to sleep sitting in a chair during a chat.

Concentration seems to be at the back of all this power to send people off to sleep. People say that concentration does not explain the power in my hands. But how do they know that? How do they know that concentration does not develop power in a human body just as a battery generates electricity. I certainly cannot say.

Not so long ago I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Alexander Cannon, who was the first gentleman of his profession ever to talk to me in my own language, as it were. He told me a lot of things which I had picked up by myself, and confirmed nearly all the methods which I had arrived at off my own

bat. He gave me a copy of his book *Powers That Be* which explains much about the connection between concentration and hypnotism, but I have never been able to learn anything from books.

The fact that I do things naturally which other people have found ways and means of doing does, however, help to lift me out of the idea that I am a sort of freak. It proves that I am actually using little-known laws which everyone can use. If this fact were known I might have a smoother passage, as many of my family think I am a freak, or a friend of the devil, and so raise a barrier between us. How silly all that sort of thing sounds I cannot tell you. I am a long way from being a freak, I feel, and as for being a friend of the devil—well, I reckon I have done as much as most cobblers to put a spoke or two in that gentleman's wheel.

Curing pains, stopping bad habits, putting the fear of God into criminals, is surely not the devil's work. We can all do it, too, if we will. It merely is a question of throwing a whole lot of concentrated thought at the

back of your goodwill. You want a person to get well. You keep on thinking so. You see them feeling better. You make a picture in your mind of their face filling out and their back getting straight, and then you bring your power of concentration to bear on them until you begin to cause them to respond. Call it what you like. It is a fact, and I believe that all healing will be done by that method one of these days.

Try it for yourself. Try a simple experiment. The next time you have a visitor you want to get rid of, don't fidget and fret or make him feel uncomfortable. Just be pleasant to him, but all the time fix your eyes on the bridge of his nose, or better still on the back of his neck, and make yourself see a picture of him getting up and going out of the door. If you do your own part well, he will do what you want in a few minutes. How often have you heard it said that if you concentrate on the back of a person's neck in a theatre, for instance, you can make that person turn round. Try it. It is quite true.

But you want to be careful how you use that power. If you are going to use it for selfish ends you will cause a lot of trouble. You will also do yourself great harm. Don't say I haven't warned you.

I remember as a boy how we used to cure warts by a very old method. Anyone who had a wart would put a stone on a gate and say a sort of rigmarole over it. Then the first person who knocked the stone off would get the warts and the man who put it there would lose them. I never checked the thing up thenaday, except to know that people certainly did lose their warts quite often after leaving a stone on a gate. Now that I know what I do about these things, I am quite sure that the stone on the gate was only a way of making the boy believe that his warts would go. It was something to concentrate the thought on. The boy would go about with the idea in his mind that the warts were going. He was in a way self-hypnotized. I am sure of that, because Alice can hypnotize herself by gazing at a crystal.

If you want to try your hand at this sort

of thing you most certainly can, but don't do anything to hurt others, and be very careful how you go. Also, don't say that Arthur Spray advised you to do it, because he would never do anything of the sort.

CHAPTER III

THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN

MY local reputation began to grow. I was no longer merely a shoemaker. I had become a shoemaker who did queer things that most people would not believe possible. A little dribble of interested people began to visit me and my business became rather seriously hindered. To separate the new work from my shoemaking, I built a little attic above my shop and there I would take the people who came to see me on this new business which I seemed to be building up. I call it a business in a semi-humorous fashion, for as yet I took no money whatsoever. Since that time I have been compelled to accept small monetary payments to keep my end up, because my business as a shoemaker now takes very second place; but I do not *charge* for my help—I leave it to those who can afford it.

Almost the first of my patients was a man

who had neuritis in his shoulder. He was in great pain when he came to me and I said that I would do my best to cure him. It was then that I began to learn a few things about hypnotism which I had never dreamed about before. The reader must know that I have picked up all my knowledge by actual experiment and have learned nothing from books—one reason being that I cannot learn things in that way. I put this man off to sleep in a very few seconds and then began to massage him gently on one arm. At that time I did not think that hypnotism was of any more importance than to be used as an anæsthetic so that I could massage an otherwise too tender muscle. I soon found out, however, that this was not so: for he complained to me that I was hurting his arm, and when I said: "No, I'm not," he instantly accepted the words as a command and agreed that I was not hurting him in the least. This made me think. I remembered Harry's contention that a hypnotized person will do whatever you tell them to.* So I tried it out

*It must be remembered that the person will not do anything that offends their moral sense. There is a silly idea about that hypnotism is an evil thing in itself.

on his patient. "Your arms are quite free," I said, "and you can lift them above your head. Now do as I bid you and lift your arms above your head." To my astonishment he did exactly as I told him and registered not a sign of pain. I massaged him for a few seconds and then woke him up. When he came to himself he had no remaining pain and could move his arms about quite freely. He was asleep in all no more than about three minutes.

I remember this particular patient very well because he still comes to me fairly often. He is a stoker at our local gasworks and when he is on night-shifts he finds it next to impossible to sleep during the daytime. So he comes to me if he hasn't been able to sleep and I give him two or three minutes of light hypnotic sleep and tell him that he has had a good night. He then goes to work and feels even fresher than normally. His job is a fairly dangerous one, and so I always tell him when he is asleep that he will be quick to recognize danger when it is about, and he tells me that he has had several instances where it has worked wonders for him.

One of my next patients was a Mrs. Foster who suffered from bilious headaches, neurasthenia, and failing sight. She was a widow with three children, and was in a very bad way indeed. The headaches went on for weeks on end and her stomach weakness was acute. Somehow or other she got to hear of me and came down to pay me a visit accompanied by a friend. I wish to say here that I make a practice of insisting upon an "assistant" whenever I put a woman to sleep.

I put Mrs. Foster into a chair and it was not many minutes before she was fast asleep. I played upon her stomach and her head—one hand I kept stationary at the back of her head and the other hand I kept moving in a circular motion with the fingers just lightly touching the flesh. I had found out by experience that the stationary hand seems to act like the pole of a battery and in this way to draw any pain away from the body. The "pain" shows on the stationary hand in the form of perspiration which, when there is uric acid in the affected part, leaves a white powder after evaporation. One of my

patients was a doctor of medicine and he analysed the powder for me upon one occasion and reported that it was truly uric acid. On this occasion the acid had been drawn from his own body. This gentleman was Dr. Lewson of Bexhill, a retired medical man and a magistrate, who has since passed on.

Now let us return to Mrs. Foster. This good lady was only asleep for a period of about half an hour. In the first five minutes I had cured her headache completely, and the stomach pains had gone. You may wonder how I knew this if she was asleep. Well, in this case I did not cause her to forget or to surrender herself completely. I just sent her deep enough to enable me to control the workings of her body. After curing her headache and her stomach troubles I turned my attention to her eyes. I first of all put my hands upon her eyes and then blew upon them with a very hot breath. I then "cleared" the eyes (that is to say, I took my influence off) by blowing upon them with a very cold breath. I cannot tell you how I make my breath "hot" and

"cold" except that I make myself *will* it to be so. Well, when I had cleared the lady's eyes I woke her up and she found that she could see perfectly well without glasses.

It was in treating this lady that I first discovered the interesting power of post-suggestion. She could not sleep at night, and so I told her that she would go to sleep at ten o'clock that night and that she must have a good sleep and not awaken until six the next morning when she would come to herself fully refreshed. Next day I received news that she had done exactly as I told her. I did not know at the time that the phenomenon of post-suggestion was known to hypnotists, but I thought it sounded quite normal to tell her to do as I wished.

When I realized how powerful the suggestion was, I realized also how easy it would be for people to be robbed, burned in their beds, or attacked and mutilated without waking, so now I always add to my commands for sleep the following rider:

"But you shall be the first to awaken in time of danger or at the call of duty."

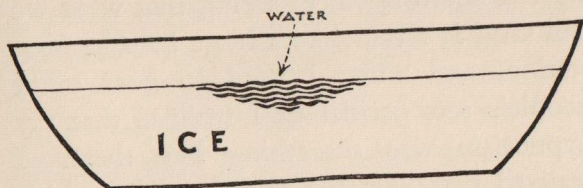
Before I pass on to tell you of the next

important step in my life, I want to tell you some of the things that had occurred to me as a result of thinking over the things I was doing. Of course, you can't do these things without being made to realize how ignorant we all are. I am not a religious man in the ordinary sense, but I am very conscious of the great powers waiting to be developed through us, and so for want of a better way of expressing it, I always say that my power comes from God. I always command my patients to pray night and morning, and I find that this has wonderful effects when it is linked up with help by hypnotism. What it does I do not exactly know, but I do realize that the power of all the world must have a source, and we can only go right if we all keep in touch with that source, whatever it may be.

As I went on thinking about the way things happen in hypnotism I could not help making up a little illustration of my own to explain it to myself. I will tell you what it was. I realize that the body is like a big factory that is run by a big army of workers who are in the control of under-managers.

These workers are entirely the slaves of their routine, and the managers dare not depart from the red-tape rules of their job. If anything goes wrong, these workers are too hypnotized by red-tape to put it right. I realize that a cure by suggestion is a way of getting at these workers and telling them what to do to put things right.

Take another example. Let us suppose we had a dish of water which was frozen up except for one small pool of water at the top



in the middle of the dish. Now, if we put a few drops of red ink into the little pool of water we should find that the water would turn red, but the surrounding ice would not be affected. If, however, we melted the ice before we put the ink in, we should be able to colour *all* the water in the dish. Now I see this as a very good example of what happens in a man's body. If a man is ill and you tell

him to be well, the idea only gets into his conscious mind but does not get down into the lower mind where the big factory (the body) is controlled. If, however, you put him to sleep (that is to say, you melt the "frozen" barriers between his conscious and his lower mind) then the idea, like the red ink, is able to colour his mental processes.

Another thing that helped me to get a better idea of what I am doing was the wireless, which began to be popular just after the war. I could not help seeing that what we call God is rather like a huge broadcasting station, and when I used to hear other people's sets oscillating I realized that my hypnotism was something like them. I realized that, like the offending set, which instead of receiving the broadcast sends out a little wave of its own, so my mind could also generate a little wave of power which in its way was an imitation of God's power. God controls His universe by vibrations of thought, and I saw that I was controlling a little bit of His universe by proxy when I controlled another man's body.

Now let me tell you of another big step

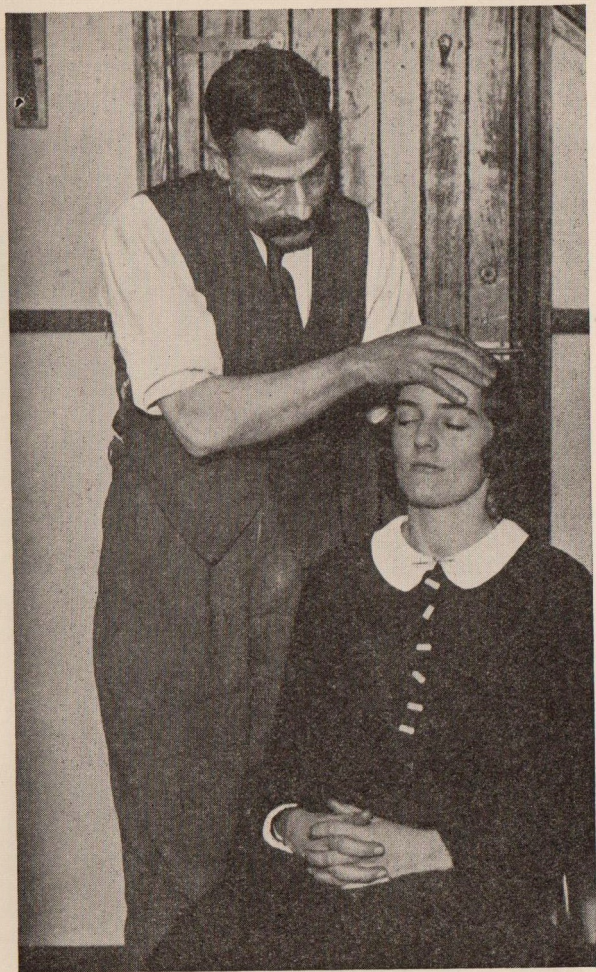
that came my way just as "accidentally" as my earlier knowledge of healing and hypnotism came to me. This new step brought me into contact with powers I had never even dreamed of, which proves to me that I have not invented any of the things that I have done, because I have never set out to do them at first.

All the things I know in this line I have stumbled upon, not even believing that they exist. This was so with my hypnotism which I found myself doing even though I disbelieved in it. Now, once again, history was to repeat itself.

One afternoon two young women came into my shop to collect some shoes I had mended. Whilst there in my shop, one of the girls asked if she could sit down, and so I got her a chair. As soon as she had sat down she put her head on her arm and rested it on the counter. She seemed very ill and I asked her what was the matter. She had lost her voice, however, and could only whisper back in reply: "I have a bad headache." I asked if she would like a cup of tea and she said she would, so I invited both the girls

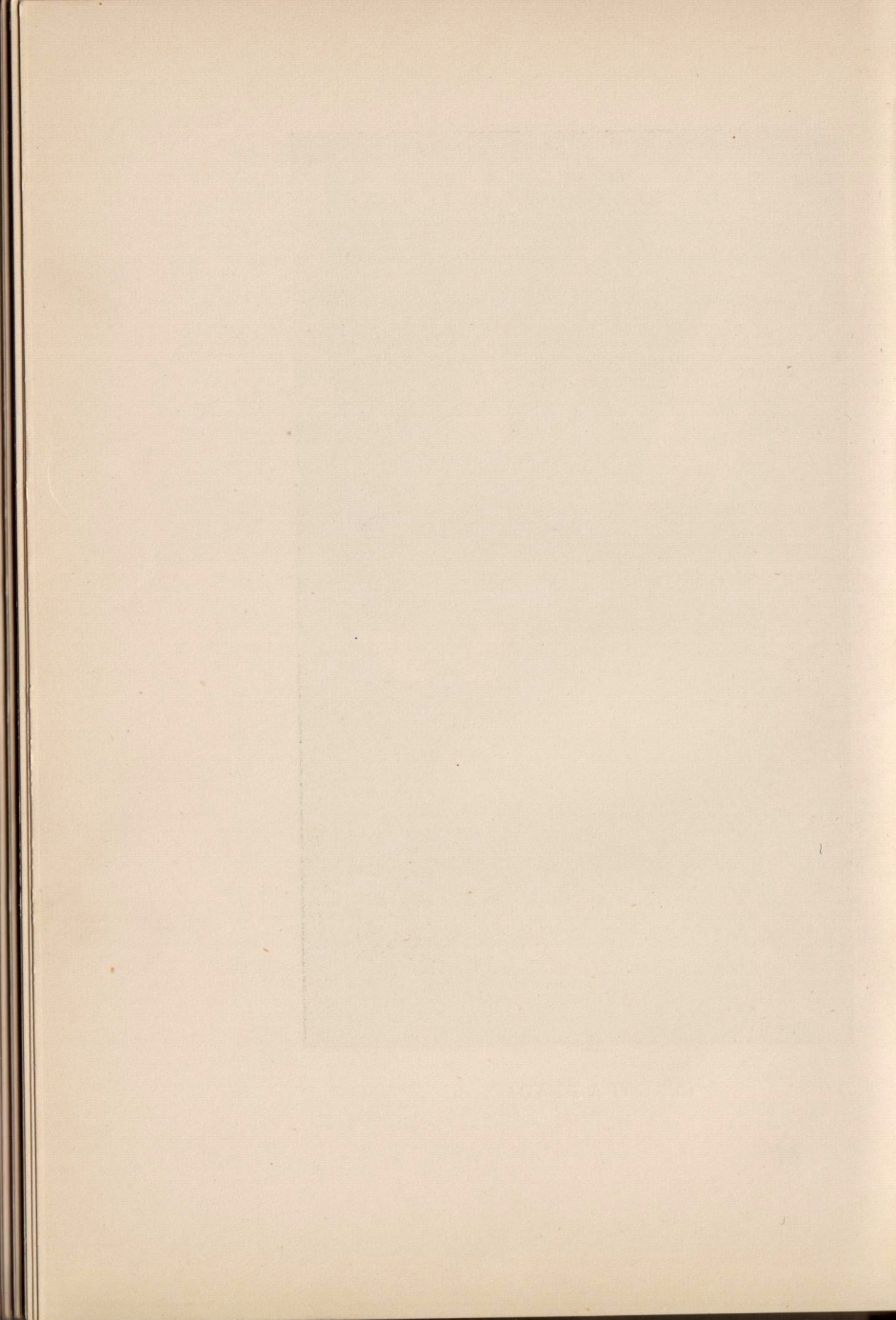
to climb up to my little room above the shop. There I made them a cup of tea, and as soon as they had finished I asked the sick one if she felt better. All I could get from her was a faint whisper of "no" and a dismal shake of the head.

So I asked her if she would let me take her headache away from her, but she smiled and did not seem to know what I meant. I tried to explain in a simple sort of way, but the girl would not agree until her friend persuaded her at least to let me try, using as her argument the fact that I couldn't do her any harm even if I did her no good. I put my hand upon her head to stroke it in my usual way, but before I could do as much as a gentle touch she had gone into a very deep sleep. I had never known anyone go off so quickly before, and this rather startled me. However, I stroked her head and got a lot of uric acid crystals on my fingers, and when I felt she was better I awakened her. The first thing she said to me on awakening was: "Did you hypnotize me?" I replied: "You were tired and went to sleep." But she repeated her question and I felt a bit uncom-



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CURING A HEADACHE



fortable because I was afraid she would think I had got her to sleep by false pretences. However, she soon put me at my ease by saying: "Because if you did hypnotize me, let me tell you I don't mind that a bit." I was a bit taken aback by this reply, but I was not long in taking advantage of the opportunity to see what could be done. I then put her into a middle sleep, as I call it, which is midway between a light sleep and a hypnotic trance.

I have often tried to explain to myself why I made this next demand but it has always beaten me. As I put her to sleep the second time, I said to her: "Go and see a big ship which is on fire."

Now, as far as I knew there was no big ship on fire, but after a short silence she repeated the words slowly: "a—big—ship—on—fire." Halting words these were, and the first ones she ever uttered under sleep. I then told her to go and stand by the captain, and the next minute she began to repeat the orders which this unseen captain was giving to his mysterious crew, as they fought the (to me) non-existent fire on that

entirely imaginary ship. I have never been able to explain what it was that we were doing. Perhaps I merely heightened her powers of imagination beyond all previous knowledge, or is it possible that I switched her on to some plane of existence where the memory of all ship fires, along with all other memory, still exists; but as I say I had no knowledge of anything like that then, and I still would not care to argue about the matter.

After this incident I put her to sleep once more, and this time I gave her a photograph of a living person. She immediately started to give me a description of the person, her name, what she was doing, and where she was living. She gave me her address in Switzerland, told me that she was making baby-clothes, and also said that she was very unhappy.

I then wakened this strange girl and asked her about herself. She told me she was in service in Bexhill where she had come to die, having been turned away from a hospital as incurable. I was so sorry for her, and so interested in her sensitivity to my

commands, that I asked her when she was coming again, for I knew that she would come. She hesitated, and I learned afterwards that she did not like the look of me a little bit at first, but after a while she said she would return on the following Thursday.

Thus began a psychic partnership which has produced the spontaneous marvels which are related in the chapters to come.

CHAPTER IV

ALICE

I AM an absolute woodenhead. That is to say, I never see anything unusual, feel anything out of the ordinary, or hear anything—except what comes through Alice.

Alice is the name of the girl who came to my shop with a friend and a headache. She has become my subject, and everything I know of the world beyond this world has come through her.

When she came to me she had just been given three months to live. That was seven years ago.

I am convinced that Alice, in her early days before she knew of her powers, used to pick people's illnesses up just as she does now. The doctors were absolutely baffled by her sicknesses. One day she would go to hospital with a sickness, at the end of the week she would be out again, and by the

end of the month she would be down with a new disease. Nobody could make her out at all. She was a mystery. But to me it is no mystery now, because I am certain that Alice is like a sensitive wireless set, picking up vibrations from other people. Before she knew anything about it she used to get the vibrations without knowing it, and the result was often very serious for her. When she came and worked with me, however, she soon learned how to keep the bad vibrations out.

The first few months of our acquaintance were entirely occupied with experiments with the trance state. Actually, the number of hours of experiment were not very great as we were not able to meet very frequently owing to the fact that she was in service and I was in business.

But once again I was to stumble on an entirely new development of my new work, which came about in the following manner. I went down to my allotment one dinner-time and there I met an old chap named Harris. He was very badly bent and was trying to poke the earth (dig is hardly the

word) by pushing the spade with his body. "Hullo!" I said, "what's wrong?" The old chap came over to where I stood and said: "Lord bless ye, man, I've been like this for years."

I put out my hands and took hold of one of his poor twisted ones. They were so absolutely awful that I felt a wave of pity go all over me. The poor man told me that he could not even button up his own coat. I did not speak to him for a minute, but continued to hold his hands until he asked me the question so many people had asked me: "What have you done?"

I always ask the same question in reply, just to get information. "Why?" I asked him. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" he replied, "why, I've got life in me hands now for the first time for years."

"Humph!" I said (not giving anything away). "You come up to my shop to-night after six and I may be able to do something more for you."

That night, just after six o'clock, he hobbled up to my shop, and with great difficulty got up the stairway into my little

room. He was so badly crippled that I had to take his coat and shirt off for him. Alice was there and the poor old man was very shy about exposing himself in front of her, so I put her to sleep and told her to turn her face to the wall.

I then took off the old chap's vest and commenced to examine him. I had not been at this job for many seconds when to my astonishment I heard Alice's voice telling me what was wrong with the patient and also advising me what treatment to give him. By this time, as you may well imagine, I had learned not to take things for granted, and I had therefore no hesitation in accepting what Alice told me. I began at once to treat the patient as she directed, and after a very few treatments of this kind he was much better. That was four years ago, and he is at work still and as fit as ever, and never gets any recurrence of his trouble.

Mr. Harris gives his testimony at the end of this book.

I wish to state here, however, that I have not been able to cure him entirely because he could not be hypnotized. I simply could not

get him to go off. Let me warn you not to believe all the stories you hear about hypnotists: no hypnotist can put everyone off to sleep, at least that is my experience, and I have never met anyone who can beat me at the game. This is just pure fact, and is not said in any boastful way, as I am always ready to learn.

After this experience I began to test Alice out in the diagnosis of difficult cases. She has made very many wonderful diagnoses. I remember one case in particular which interested me very much. I had a visit from a St. Leonards boy who had some internal trouble. I put Alice to sleep and she made a diagnosis of the case. I cannot describe it to you because she always uses medical terms when under sleep, though in the ordinary way she doesn't know a single medical term out of the ordinary run. This boy had had thirteen internal operations, and Alice "lived through" nine of these that night before I put a stop to her agony. She then told me that the boy had not really needed any of these operations and that if he had another it would be his last. Needless to say, he has

never had another, but I gave him a treatment as directed by Alice, and he is now using a pick and shovel and driving a lorry.

Another diagnosis was made upon this same boy's mother. This poor woman had a pain in her back and was in great agony. She knew what had been done for her boy and so she came to us as a last resort. Alice went to sleep and soon diagnosed the trouble as being due to the displacement of a small bone to the rear of her hip. We soon put this right for her. Alice also described how, when, and where the patient had caused this displacement, and told the woman of a fall she had had in front of St. Leonards pier several years before. The woman had forgotten the incident, but she remembered it at once when Alice mentioned it.

Another example of her diagnosis was in regard to a case of shingles which I was called upon to treat. The patient was seventy miles away when we were advised of the trouble, and I put Alice to sleep at once and told her to go and see what was wrong. She described the patient's condition; said that there were spots on the face and chest,

and also described the number of spots on the chest. Furthermore, she described certain things which she told me I had to use on the patient. Some of these things she told me were in the home and others were not. I can only remember one of these things—an old sheet tucked away in a cupboard under the stairs. When I arrived in London I was met by a relative in his car. “How is the patient?” I asked. “Oh! His face is covered with spots,” said the relative. “And there are *X* spots on his chest, too,” I answered. “No,” was the reply, “there are none on his chest.” “There are *X* spots on his chest,” I repeated with emphasis, and this time the other man, having had some experience of us before, shrugged his shoulders and said no more. When we arrived at the patient’s bedside we found the spots on his chest just as Alice had said. I also found the old sheet tucked away in the cupboard under the stairs just as Alice had said.

Strangely enough, it is not necessary to have the person present during diagnosis, but the work can be carried out by using a photograph of the patient. This was demon-

started very effectively one day when a hospital nurse told us that her sister, also a nurse, was getting fat and was suffering from acute flatulence, accompanied by pains in the throat, stomach, and back. I asked the nurse for a photograph of her sister, and when it was produced I gave it to Alice whilst she was in a trance. Almost at once Alice began to rub her stomach and belch in a fashion that sent the nurse off into fits of laughter to see such a "wonderful imitation" of her distant sister, as she called it.

Then Alice told the woman what her sister should do, and what she should take. We have since heard that the unfortunate woman is steadily losing weight and that her flatulence is disappearing since she began to follow Alice's advice.

Alice recently diagnosed a case of paralysis in front of a famous medical man. She went through the whole of the history of the case and traced the genesis of the disease. She gave her diagnosis in medical terms which were quite foreign to me but which the doctor understood perfectly. Despite this marvellous diagnosis, however, I have not

been able to effect a cure of this case, though I have worked hard at it for three months.

You will by now have realized that Alice, who is a very gentle and simple woman in the ordinary way, is something of a marvel when she is "asleep"; but I want you to know that controlling her is not all child's play. It is rather like hanging on to a very heavy plumbline which you have let down into a bottomless pit. I sometimes have an awful job to get her back from wherever she is. At times if I did not have assistance she would sleep for twenty-four hours or more.

Some time ago another funny thing turned up. A local motor mechanic named Harry Wall used to come and see us work sometimes, and one day he found out that when Alice was feeling pains he would feel them too. The strange thing about it was, however, that when Harry felt the pains, then Alice didn't feel them so sharply. In other words, as Harry said, it was like putting two electric lamps in one circuit and getting a division of the current. Another funny thing about Harry Wall and Alice is that he

always seems to know when she has gone deeper than is good for her and can always tell me when to fetch her back. Alice seems to know when she is going deep, and when that is so she always asks for Harry Wall to be present. He seems to act like a sort of "depth recorder."

Upon one occasion this man undoubtedly saved Alice's life. It happened as follows, and it taught me not to play about with my powers. One night when Alice was in trance, Harry Wall being with us, I teased her until she began to kick out with her right foot.

"Oh! Shut up," I said. "Your foot's fixed."

Instantly the kicking ceased.

I went across to my little sink to fill a kettle to make a cup of tea, when suddenly I heard a loud knocking. I turned round and found that Alice was knocking the floor with her left foot—her right foot being fixed.

"Your left foot's fixed," I commanded, and went on filling the kettle.

I looked round and saw that she was biting her nails in disgust.

"Your hands are fixed!" I called out, and her hands were fixed.

Still determined to show her resentment, she began to roll her shoulders and grind her teeth.

"You're all fixed!" I called out.

For a few moments there was complete silence in the room, whilst I turned off the tap and moved over to the gas-ring. Then from behind me I heard Harry Wall ask anxiously: "Is she all right?"

"Of course she is," I said, without turning round.

"Well, bloody well wake her up, anyhow," Harry said—deliberately using an oath to wake me up. I swung round in alarm at the sound of his voice, and saw that Alice was absolutely turned to stone. She was within a few inches of death—for I had fixed her heart and lungs.

As quickly as I could without shock to her, I brought her back to life, and was indeed grateful to God to find her safe at last, despite my momentary lapse.

Like flying, or driving a motor-car, these powers require careful handling. One

moment of forgetfulness, or carelessness, and disaster can overtake you before you know where you are.

Hypnotism is the greatest force in the world. By it we are handling the actual stuff of which the earth and the stars are built. Could you have anything more dangerous, or more full of power for good and for evil?

CHAPTER V

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDER- LAND

I HAVE a wireless which howls when I put my hand near it, but the sensitivity of a wireless set is nothing compared with Alice's sensitivity to me. She is so sensitive to my control that if I write the words: "Go to sleep!" on a piece of paper, and send it to her by a messenger, she will instantly go to sleep. If I told her on the telephone that she must go to sleep then she would instantly do so; but there is no need of a telephone for there is a delicate connection between us which I believe is called "telepathy," and this enables me to communicate with her, and she with me.

I will give instances of this power in a moment, but, before doing so, I want to say here and now that it is utter nonsense to suggest that she is in my power, or that I

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am in control of her life, because actually she is much more self-reliant now than she ever was before, and her will-power and her general health have improved since her contact with me. In her waking life she is extremely outspoken, though very gentle, and if she made up her mind to resist me, she could do so, but we feel that we are carrying on a great work and so she does not attempt to resist. What we are doing is without money and without price, and she feels that to sink herself for the work is not a sign of weakness but a sign of strength.

Many people say that hypnotism is bad. If anyone could prove that it is bad we should be the first to give it up, but as it is, we feel that we are in advance of a lot of other people who talk on the subject, but who do nothing. We shall continue in our work until something higher is manifested.

Now for an example of that strange, unseen link which exists between Alice and myself.

Some years ago, when she was on holiday 250 miles away from Bexhill, I awoke one morning very early, between two o'clock

and two-thirty, to find her standing at the foot of my bed. She did not speak to me, but quite clearly something said: "Send me to sleep." I sat up in bed and said to her "Go to sleep, and sleep for six hours, and in the morning you will be quite fresh and clear." The vision disappeared. Next morning I took care to write the following:

"I put you to sleep at 2.30 a.m. Standing at the foot of my bed you awakened me."

The following morning I received a letter from Alice as follows:

"I came to your bedside at about 2.30 and awakened you. I could not sleep, but you sent me to sleep, and I awoke at 8.30 sharp."

This is not an isolated instance, but is one of many, for I have helped her in many directions by telepathic means only.

The strange powers which Alice manifests sometimes lead us into peculiar situations, and I can tell you that there is as much surprise and excitement in our work as there would be in hunting tigers in Bengal. Not that I have ever hunted in Bengal, but that is

the most exciting thing I can think of on the spur of the moment.

Let me give you an example of the sort of exciting thing that turns up and gives us a real thrill.

One day a woman visited me and asked whether we could get in touch with her husband.

"I do not know," I said, "but I will try. Where is he?"

To this question she replied, "He is dead."

Now, we are not Spiritualists; that is to say, if we happen to do things which are called Spiritualism it is not because we set out to do them, but because we find strange things sometimes come through Alice.

So I said to the woman, "All right, we'll see what we can do, come along to-night at seven."

At seven o'clock she came, bringing her brother with her, and this made up a party of six people in my little room; for in addition to our visitors, and Alice and myself, there were two young men, named Sid and Len.

I must explain that these two young men were practising handbell ringing with me; and in case you want to know why, I must tell you that my business had suffered so much through the time I was putting in on my other work, that we actually took to ringing handbells in the streets to help things up a bit.

When the party had all settled down, I put Alice into a sleep, and asked the woman if she had a photograph of her husband.

"No," she said.

"Well," I said, "we'll see what we can do without it."

It was not many minutes before Alice got in touch with what was supposed to be the dead husband, and she also seemed to get in touch with an aunt, who had also passed on. Various queer things came through, but they were all very muddled, and they suddenly ended very abruptly.

Moments passed, and nothing happened at all, until suddenly Alice got out of her chair and came across the room to me with closed eyes, and said in a tone full of horror, "Wake them up quickly!"

I turned in amazement to find that Sid, Len and the woman's brother were all fast asleep, while the woman herself was sitting helpless in her chair, with a look of terrible fear on her face. I brought the three men round quickly, and found them in a great state of alarm, but I could not get a word out of them as to what they had seen or felt. It took me an hour to get the woman on her feet, but no sooner was she there than she bolted from my room, down the stairs and out of the shop like a shot from a gun. The brother had the wind up too, for he got up without a word, and followed the woman out of the shop.

In the meantime, Sid and Len had been blowing like old cart-horses. "What did you see?" I asked them, when our visitors had gone.

"Phew!" said Sid, "I never want to go through that again."

Len said: "Well, I have been through the war, and a few rough houses, but I would not go through that again for a hundred pounds. We were knocked about something shocking."

"I don't like the sound of that," I said, "I am going to find out what it means; we'll put Alice to sleep again."

So once more Alice went into a trance, and in a few minutes she told us the whole story. It seemed that the woman had lived with her late husband in a foreign country where he died, and that her behaviour towards him had made his life not worth living. No one but herself knew why until we heard it through Alice, and I cannot put it plainer than that.

"Why were those lads banged about?" I asked Alice. "They never moved or saw anything, yet they say they were banged about something awful."

"That's easy to explain," said Alice, "that woman had gathered evil forces about her, and there were good forces, including these lads, keeping them out, and that is what banged them about. If those evil forces had got in, I should have been no more."

The sequel to this story came very quickly. A few days later, I met the widow in the street.

"Good morning," I said, and after a few words, I asked her: "What did your husband die of?"

"Head trouble," she replied.

"He died at —, on the — of —, didn't he?" I asked her, and I gave her the place and date just as Alice had given them whilst in trance.

The woman's eyes popped out of her head, and she seemed to be glued to the pavement. Then in a very quiet voice I repeated to her the details of a secret which ought to have been known to the authorities of a certain country, and I warned her against doing a similar deed, which I knew she actually had in mind. When the woman heard this, she turned from me and ran like a hare down the street.

Yes, we have actually laid the family ghost, and this ought to please everybody. It happened like this. Alice was in service with an old widowed lady who lived not far from Bexhill. She was very fond of the old lady and her daughter, and for this reason she endured a great deal of trouble because of the old lady's poverty—or apparent

poverty. For days at a time Alice would have nothing more than bread for breakfast and lunch, and sometimes no dinner unless she went out to buy it.

When the old lady died it turned out that she had quite a respectable fortune, and that all her meanness had been quite unnecessary. This probably explained the existence of the "ghost" which Alice saw when she was left alone in the house some time before the old lady died.

It happened in this way. The old lady and her daughter went away for a fortnight's holiday, and left Alice alone in the house. One night, after she had been working with me, another chap and I took her back to the house, and when we got there she said that she would not go in, saying that she knew there was someone in the house. We pooh-poohed her fear, and my friend agreed to go in and look all round the house; which he did. Still Alice would not go in alone, and told us that lights had been turned off and on in the house, and that she had seen the late master of the house following her about. We laughed at her, not so much because we

did not believe her, for we were getting used to this sort of thing, but more to get her to go into the house.

We had got into the kitchen when Alice said that she could see him, and so I said that I would put her to sleep and speak through her to him and tell him to go away and not bother her. As I was putting her to sleep my friend suddenly let out a yell, ducked his head, and darted round behind my back and flopped into a chair, where he sat shivering, and said: "I have seen him too." So I talked to the unseen gentleman, through Alice, and told him to leave the house at once, whereupon, in fact, he never did trouble her again, though I have since got into hot water from Alice, because she says that if I had not been so pig-headed she is sure that the "ghost" wanted to tell her that there was no need for her to live on bread, and that the old lady really had plenty of money.

However that may be, the fact remains that not only did Alice see the gentleman, but my friend also saw him, although I, wooden-headed as ever, saw nothing at all.

Now I want to give you another example of Alice's peculiar experiences. This happened when I was not there.

She was staying with a Mr. and Mrs. Wall* in Bexhill, and Mr. Wall complained of a stiff knee. Alice said she would iron it with an electric iron, and, while she was doing this the iron slipped and touched Mr. Wall's flesh. Now here is the most extraordinary thing I have come across in the course of all my experience with this sort of thing, and, if you ask me, it is the most astounding thing in this book.

It was not Mr. Wall who felt the pain, or who was burnt, but Alice. Alice felt the pain, and on her knee the mark of the iron could actually be seen, with blisters raised upon it. Mr. and Mrs. Wall both testify to this fact, which does not seem to be able to be explained by thought-transference, but seems to need some other explanation.

Maybe, however, other people will think that the following story is more interesting.

One day, a lady called Mrs. Edey* came to us, and asked if we would help her. She

*Testimony given at the back of the book.

was worried because she had not had any reply to letters which she had for some time been writing to her daughter in Australia, and she wanted to know if we could help her to get into touch with her daughter. One evening shortly afterwards, Alice went into a trance in Mrs. Edey's presence, and I told her to find Mrs. Edey's daughter.

Not many minutes later Alice began to describe a street which was quite unknown to us. A little later she mentioned the name of the street, and then the number of a house, and both of these Mrs. Edey recognized as being the name of the street and number of the house in which her daughter had been living for some time past. Alice then "entered" the house, and described Mrs. Edey's daughter perfectly, and told her that she was sitting in the garden with two small children, one a baby in arms, and that she was very sick and unhappy.

"Has she got the money I sent her?" asked Mrs. Edey.

I passed this question on to Alice, who, after describing the inside of the house, seemed attracted to a room in which stood a

dresser, on which was a teapot with a broken spout and handle. In this teapot Alice found the actual money-order which Mrs. Edey had sent to her daughter, and she actually gave her the number of it, which Mrs. Edey was able to confirm later by the number on the receipt.

Alice then described the future movements of the daughter.

"She is coming home," she said, and she described all the difficulties the girl would have to get over before she could start on her journey. "She will come over the stormy seas," she said—and, to show how closely Alice followed this sea passage, I must tell you that when I brought her to she was violently sea-sick, and she seemed to have "caught" the *future* sea-sickness of Mrs. Edey's daughter.

Several months later, after the girl's return to England, which took place exactly as Alice had described, the daughter visited us with her mother. As soon as Alice saw her she said: "Why, I have seen you before!" "Yes," I said, "you have seen her in Australia!" A remark of which Alice could

not see the point at all, because she could not remember what had happened.

This extraordinary gift has been used in the past for tracking down criminals, and has been described by others, but we seem to have gone one better than that, for we have actually been able to prevent a crime by warning the intended victim. Before telling you this story, I must remind you that we cannot give you the names of the people in those stories where there is any suggestion of anything being done which is criminal or illegal.

In the middle of the past year, 1934, I received a letter from a person who had heard of our powers and wrote to enlist our help in what he described as a "very grave matter." The letter stated that "about fourteen weeks ago a close friend of mine, living at home with her parents, was given in the house a lethal dose of arsenic. She narrowly escaped with her life, but is making a steady, if slow, recovery. The amount of poison was established by the Home Office analysts. Scotland Yard, however, has been unable to get enough evidence to establish a case."

There was a great deal more detail which we cannot disclose, and the letter ended by asking us if we would help by trying to discover who the would-be poisoner was.

We immediately telegraphed asking that the lady in question should be brought down to us. They duly arrived, the lady being in a dreadful state, both physically and mentally. It did not take Alice long, after having been put into trance, to trace the poisoner, and to describe his methods clearly, and not only that, but she was even able to tell when the next attempt would be made upon the lady's life.

Since writing the above the Sunday papers have come out with large headlines about Miss Daphne Purton, the stricken beauty queen, and have told how she has been deliberately poisoned a second time just as Alice foretold—for the lady mentioned in the last paragraph is none other than Miss Purton, whose story has aroused such keen interest in the newspapers.

Only one paper, the *Sunday Dispatch*, got our end of the story, and since it has been printed (as a result of an interview between

the *Dispatch* and Miss Purton) there is no longer any need to hide the lady's identity.

Unfortunately, or perhaps naturally, Alice's trance-findings are not accepted by the police as evidence of guilt, or the identity of the would-be poisoner would have been established months ago and the second poisoning prevented.

Alice has not only made journeys to Australia, and tracked criminals and warned their intended victims, but she has also "been under" the cold North Sea in search of treasure! This adventure, which rather reminded me of what I had read when I was a boy, began through the wife of a local solicitor, who asked me if Alice would psychometrize an old drinking-glass and a broken dagger, both of which were supposed to have come from a treasure ship which had been with the Spanish Armada.

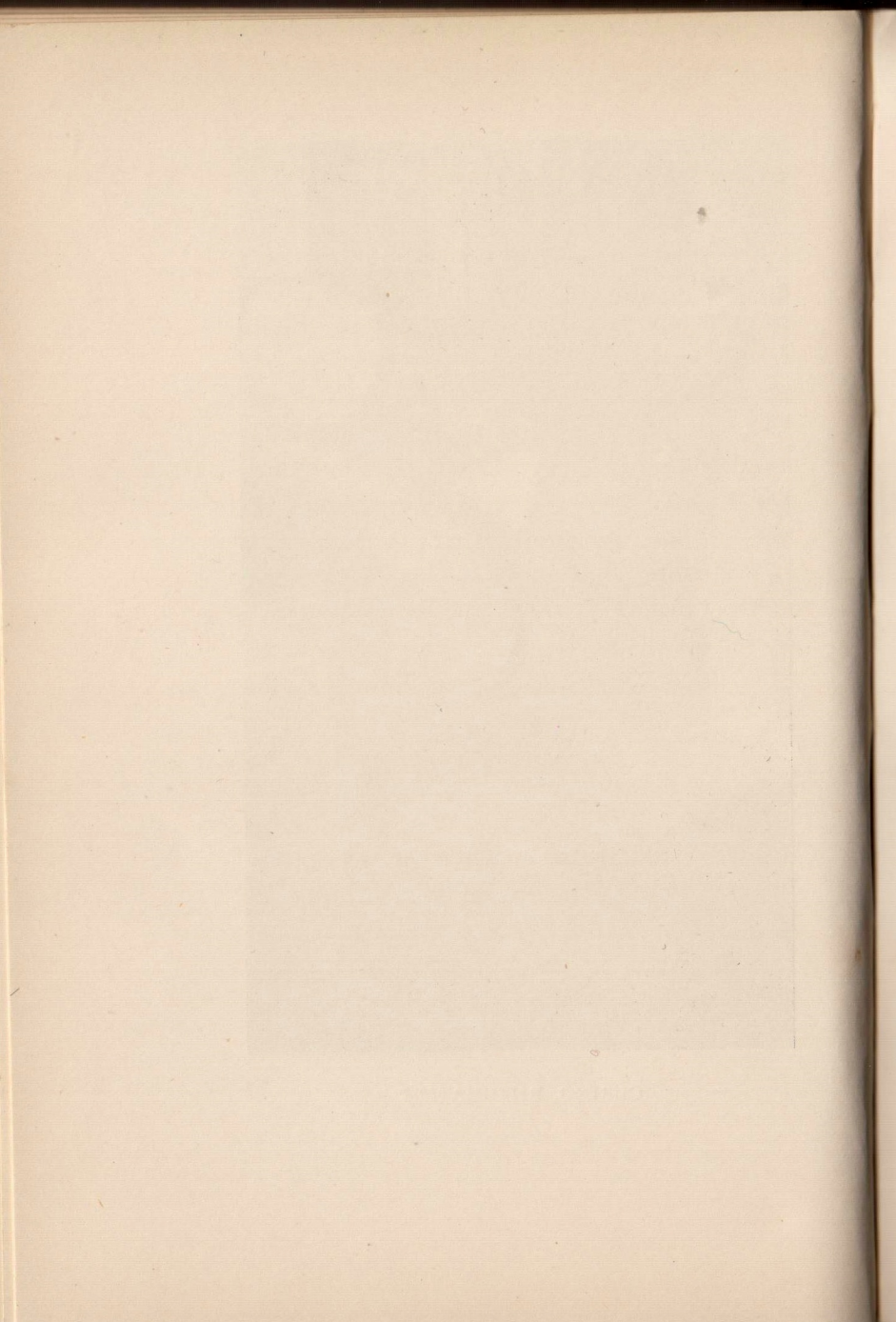
We were told that a business syndicate had been formed to buy the rights in the galleon, and maps had been drawn up ready for the search. I put Alice into a trance, and gave her both the glass and the dagger. She pushed the glass aside after a very short time,

but the dagger did the trick, and Alice was soon murmuring that she was "down under the sea among a lot of dead." She then asked for a paper and pencil, and she drew a map showing the spot where they were proposing to dig, and she said that this was the wrong place, and then she marked where they should dig. She then described two other treasure dumps, each a few hundred yards from the first ship, and she gave instructions for raising the middle dump, saying that it would need a net under it, as it would break open when it got to the surface. The other dump frightened her a good deal, and she warned them against loss of life in trying to raise it.

When the solicitor saw the map which Alice had drawn, he was very surprised, for he said that it was exactly like the one he had drawn himself, and he then asked us to go over to his house, and meet the directors of the syndicate. But I found out that their interest in us was nothing but idle curiosity, and I refused to let Alice go through the trouble and pain again, especially as the solicitor would insist upon airing his ignor-



CURING RHEUMATISM



ance by describing the thing as "telepathy," though from whom and by whom he was not able to tell us.

We find the same thing with so many of the people that we meet: they just want to use us, and we refuse to be used. We will always help, but we are very sensitive to being imposed upon.

Now I want to tell you about a young man called Leo Greenhill who shuffled into my shop one day, so badly crippled with rheumatism that it took him three-quarters of an hour to get from the station to his work, a matter of only three hundred yards. I remember quite distinctly that it was about two minutes after one o'clock when he came in, as just after he reached my room upstairs, my man in the shop called out that he was going to dinner.

I blew on Mr. Greenhill's main joints with a very "hot" breath, and he walked out of the shop and did his first real job for months. Before letting him go, I told him to come back that night for proper treatment. When he arrived that evening I told him to strip, but he said he could not, as he had not done

so for months. I helped him off with his clothes, and put him into a deep sleep and worked on him for half an hour. When I brought him to, his rheumatism was practically gone, and he dressed himself and walked out of the shop without a trace of a limp.

He seemed very interested in the work that we were doing, and kept coming back for treatment, which was so successful that I finally cleared all his rheumatism. Not only this, but he had all his teeth out, and yet worked on without ill effects.

Nothing extraordinary happened to this young man until about the end of the month when he met another patient in my room, and began a friendly argument with him on the subject of life after death. Greenhill said that survival was a fact, and the other man said that it was nonsense. I put an end to the argument because the time was getting late and Greenhill had to have a treatment and get to St. Leonards.

"Come on!" I said, "time's up!" and I passed my hands over his face. Then an extraordinary thing happened; for Greenhill, who had been as quiet as a lamb during his

other treatments, suddenly shrieked out in a loud voice:

"The bones are dead but the breath still lives!"

Alice, being in the room, said: "Wake him up quickly!" I did so, because I had learnt to act quickly in these matters, but I was a little puzzled and I asked her what the matter was.

"He was quite safe, wasn't he?" I asked.

"Yes, he was quite safe," said Alice, "but you weren't, for I had a dreadful desire to fly at your throat and strangle you."

"Oh dear!" I said, "I don't like the sound of that!"

Nevertheless, I put him to sleep again, and this time no sooner had he gone off than a lighter voice came through, saying:

"No need to breath oxygen: breathe with us!"

Again Alice called out: "Wake him up!" and again she confessed to the same murderous feeling which again disappeared as I brought Greenhill to.

The man who had said that there was no life after death had had enough, for the last I saw of him was a white face disappearing through my hatch, whilst the sound of his

stumbling feet could be heard tearing down the stairs and out of the shop.

Again I put Greenhill to sleep, and as my hands went before his face, a voice literally howled from him:

"Brother! Brother!"

For a third time Alice called to me to wake him, and this I did, and did not put him to sleep for a considerable time.

However, he pestered my life out to put him to sleep, as he said he wanted to "travel the universe." Alice said it was all right with her but, if we didn't mind, she would take a night off when he went under again, as it made her feel uncomfortable—to say the least of it.

So, with another witness, I put him off one night, and sent him off on his "journey round the universe." Hanging on to him was like hanging on to a deep-sea fish on a line (mentally I mean), and when at last we got him back, he looked over his right shoulder to where my assistant stood, and called out in a loud voice: "Harry, good night!" and went under again.

It took us an hour from then to get him

round, and he confessed that he had fought to "stay where he was," something which I could not understand until I was presented with the following account of his experiences in his own handwriting. This he never finished, and I have not seen him from that day.

LEO GREENHILL'S JOURNEY

"This is, as far as I can recollect, the extraordinary experience that it was my good fortune to be involved in. The little room above the bootmaker's shop was filled with the friends who with myself were arranging to demonstrate if possible the separation and continued functions of my earthly and astral entity. Arthur seemed to send me to sleep very quickly, and I immediately fell in my usual valley with high mountains all around. I really mean 'fell' as I write it, as that literally seems to be what happens to me when I go off. To resume. I wafted about this valley on very white clouds, striving to get to the top and being defeated, so it seemed, by the very lightness with which I

swam about. I could hear music far overhead and felt an overwhelming desire to be in the presence of such divine sound. All at once my peace was rudely shattered, and my eyes opened to gaze into those of Arthur, who had thought it advisable to bring me back, for reasons best known to himself.

“However, I went off again, and was at once transported to a scene far different to my usual surroundings when in a life condition.

“I stood on a tenuous, weaving surface, and to the right and to the left of me were glorious bands of colour shooting and glittering in waves and flowing lines. Blinding light there was that yet was possible to look at with ease, so beautiful were the shades and brilliances combined, and through this wonderful scintillating mass of colour wound a light filmy path which seemed to contain all the beauties of the universe at each side. Indescribably glorious flowers and birds, or at least seeming birds, with vari-coloured plumage, and everything inanimate or animate, robed with the glorious gown of

splendid colour. In the distance were two gates of the valve type, which had the appearance of showing their inside to me, so splendidly did they glitter in the coloured light. On this path appeared a form unsexed as to gender, but with a face divine in its beauty, bearing an expression of eager invitation to me in its face. All the promises that my imagination could picture falls far short of the realization that was offered me freely and eagerly; I felt that after a weary travail through the mud of the earth I was coming into my own, held for me by one who was eager for me to claim it. Why I did not there and then fall headlong into the arms so eagerly beckoning me I cannot for the life of me understand. I think that the nearness of my heart's desire so stunned my faculties that I had no volition for an instant of my own. And before I could. . ."

Greenhill was a man of good education, and one of the strangest men I have ever met. His document ends as abruptly as did his visits to us.

CHAPTER VI

USE AND MIS-USE OF MIND-POWER

MY one prayer is that I shall never misuse my power. It is a wonderful gift, the more so because it was entirely unsought by me. Yet how possible it is to use this power in an ordinary everyday way may be clearly seen from these two stories.

I was once visited by the police in connection with a matter in which I was quite in the right—otherwise I should not mention it! I was asked to go to the police-station, which I did; afterwards going on to see a rather important person in authority. The local police-force at that time was not ignorant of my power, for I had taken headaches away from many of the policemen, and they treated me very sympathetically. One great hulking person who was present, however, did not seem to know how to hold his tongue, and he tried to bully and

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bluster, and seemed to have something up against me. I think it was because my powers did not fall in with his religious views.

"Now, look here," I said to him, "just you keep a civil tongue in your head."

The man, however, went on blustering, and I felt that I had had as much as I could stand. I went over to him, and waved my hand in front of his face.

"You can't move," I said, and I fixed him to the floor. He stood there swaying, unable to move and unable to speak, and I left him there for twenty minutes, while I talked to the authorities, who seemed to be rather at a loss to know how to deal with the situation.

Then, as I was going out of the door, I turned to him and said: "Oh, you're still there, are you? Well, well, you'll be all right in twenty-four hours!"

However, in a few moments I released him with a warning. I must say he has never given me any trouble since that day—so it seems that the lesson was effective.

The other incident took place at a big theatre in Eastbourne, just after the war. I

was told by some of my pals that a hypnotist was appearing there, and calling people on to the stage where he hypnotized them, and made them make fools of themselves. At the sound of this my blood boiled, for I did not think that these powers ought to be used on the stage simply to get money. So I decided to go and try to teach the gentleman a lesson.

I sat through the performance until his turn came on, and when he called for people to come on to the stage, I was the first to go forward. I put on my silliest expression, and looked thoroughly sheepish. There were a few others with me, but I suppose I looked the softest of the lot for he came over to me at once. He asked me whether I would be willing to put myself into his hands, and whether I would have any objection to doing as he told me. I suppose this was for his own protection, because I could see a lovely lot of treats ready for us. There was a pile of soot, some candles, and some potato-peelings. The purpose of these things was clear to me, for I knew that a person in trance will do anything you tell them to, and will think raw potatoes are grapes, that ink is

champagne, and if you tell them a glass of water is whisky they will get blind drunk. I might mention here that I once cured a life-long drunkard by making him see worms in his beer.

Well, the hypnotist came up to me and asked me to take a seat, and after making me quite comfortable, and having got me to agree not to complain about anything afterwards, he put his hands over my head, and said: "Sleep!" But it was just at this point that I woke up. And I also said "Sleep!" and as one of us had to win, he went under.

Then I got out of my chair, and told him in a loud voice that his face was dirty, and I gave him the bowl of soot and told him that it was nice soapy water. After he had made his face beautifully sooty I told him that he was now quite clean and could eat his nice hot dinner which I had ready for him, and I gave him the potato-peelings which he ate with great gusto, and then polished off the two candles as bananas for dessert. When he had finished that lot to my satisfaction and his own, for he had thoroughly enjoyed them, I told him to sit down. Then I

turned to the audience, who thought I was part of the turn, and who had enjoyed it immensely, and gave them a little of the truth of the position. I said that he had no business to use his power for such a purpose as this, and explained exactly what he had intended to do, and what I had done to him in turn. Then when they had completely sobered down, I suppose scarcely able to believe their eyes, I woke the man up again.

As soon as he came to, he realized what had been done to him and he raised his hand to strike me. I simply said: "You're fixed!" and of course he was. After that I told him a few home truths, and then I released him and went out of the theatre.

CHAPTER VII

OUR FRIENDS THE DOCTORS

EVER since the beginning of my work I have had to fight the doctors. They have treated me as a quack, which, of course, I am from their point of view. They believe that a man is like a motor-car, and they are its mechanics. I do not accept that view, and you would be surprised to hear to what lengths they will go to attack a man who like myself acts contrary to their ideas. I do not want anybody to think that I do not appreciate what the doctors have done and are doing, but I do know for a fact that their way of looking at the human body is not the right way, for the human body is not a machine in the same way that a motor-car is a machine.

If you can imagine a motor-car into which the mind and spirit of the motor manufacturer had been in some way placed, so that it

could start itself, and repair itself and clean its own plugs and so on, then you have some idea of how a human body appears to me; for the Creator's mind and spirit seems to be built into every fibre of the human body, and it is by using this power that I can cause the body to heal itself. After all, the doctor does not heal a wound, he helps the body to heal itself; he does not cure an ill, he helps the body to cure it; but he does it from the "outside," whereas I do it from the "inside."

Of course, there are many quacks about who are a real danger to the community because they are not only ignorant but are simply out to get what they can for themselves. But surely the medical authorities ought to be able to think of some way of guarding against dangerous quacks without shutting their eyes to new knowledge.

I have issued a challenge to the doctors in the district. I have said that I will do more in three minutes than they have done in three months to help any stubborn case they like to bring forward of more than three months' standing. So far nothing has turned up.

What little contact I have had with the

doctors has been very unsatisfactory on the whole. I would like to tell you the story of one thing that happened, for this will show you why I feel badly treated.

A doctor came to me one day and said that he had heard that I could hypnotize and also said that he would very much like to see someone under sleep. I thought twice about agreeing because I had always refused to work in front of a doctor, but in this case, as he seemed so keen, I gave way. I thought that I would be fair and give the doctor a chance if he were really genuine.

So I asked him: "Do you want to see it out of idle curiosity, or do you really want to learn?" and he answered: "I really want to learn."

Now it happened that at this particular time I had Alice's nephew under treatment for some trouble of the nose. When this lad came to me he could not walk ten yards, yet at the end of a week he could run like a hare—and he could run, being six feet two in his socks. He was so tall that I could not treat him properly sitting down, but had to get him to lie down on the floor.

Well, the doctor climbed up into my little bug-hutch, and he watched me "put the lad under," and he also watched me put Alice to sleep in a chair. He seemed to be very interested, especially when I told him that the power I had got was a much better anæsthetic than anything he could find in his bag. I said that he could use a lancet on either of the patients, and they would not feel it. He tested this by bending Alice's fingers back, and also by sticking needles into her body without hurting her at all, or even drawing blood. He went away very interested, and apparently very satisfied.

So far so good.

Soon afterwards another doctor came into my shop one day when I had Alice and her nephew asleep again. I heard him blustering about in the shop downstairs, and so I went down.

"I want to see Mr. Spray," he said very pompously.

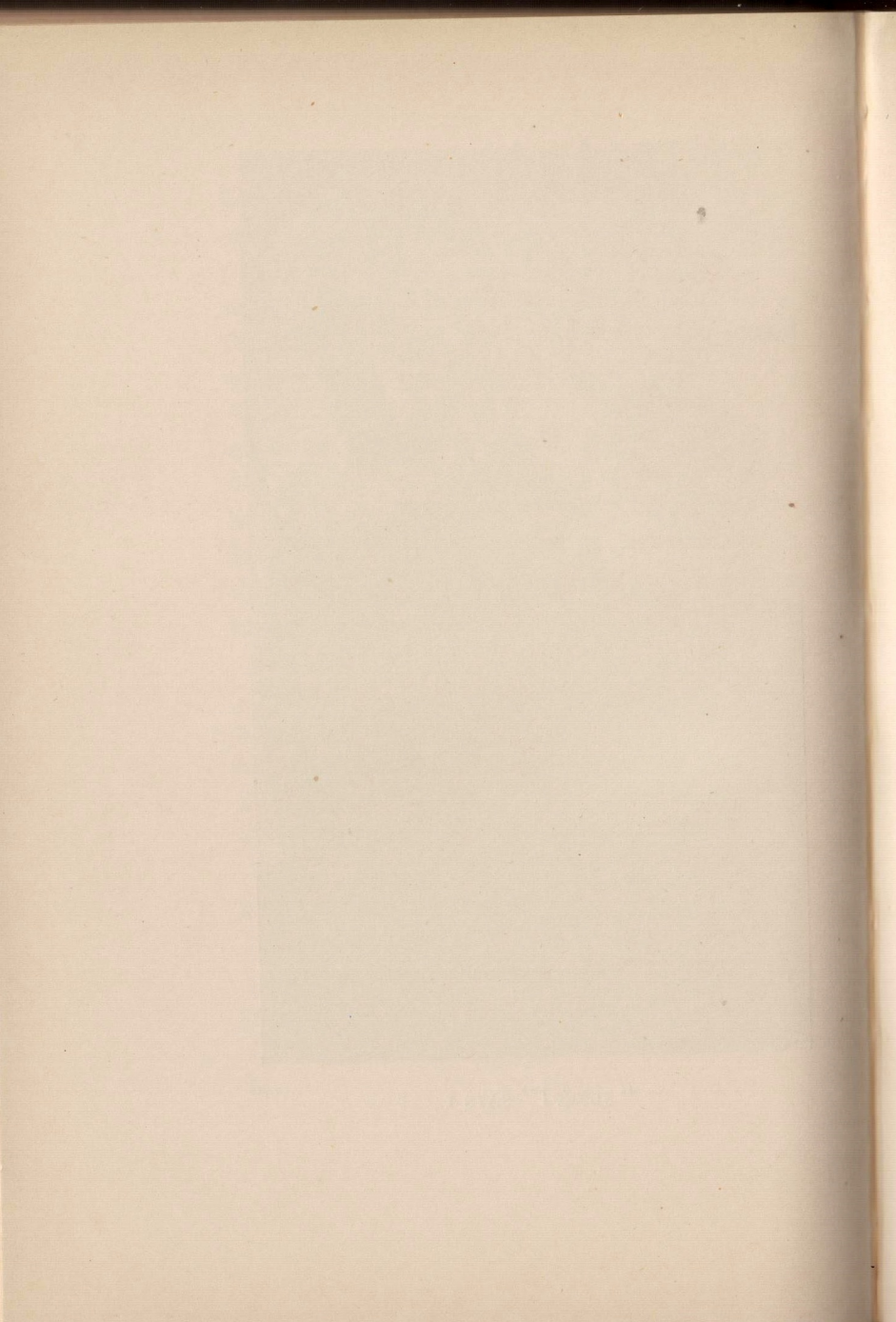
"I'm it," I said.

"I'm Dr. —," he replied, "I understand you are treating a case of sickness here."

I said: "You are not only a doctor, you



"SLEEP!" SAYS I



are a detective!" He was naturally rather huffed by this, as I meant him to be, for I did not like his manner. He drew himself up haughtily, and said in a commanding tone: "*Are* you treating a case?"

"I *am* treating a case," I said.

"I want to see it."

"You can't."

"And why not?"

"Because I won't allow you!"

Then he began to talk in a very high and mighty way, so at last I thought of another way of dealing with him. I gave in, or so it seemed to him, and took him into my little room where the two "sleepers" were. The Big Man sat down in the visitors' chair and asked me to work on the patient, but I said: "No, sir, not in front of you or any other doctor."

Well, he couldn't get by that, so he said; "I am going to examine him," and I said; "Please yourself, because you will be just as wise when you finish as when you start."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Go ahead and see!" was my reply.

He got his stethoscope out and bent over

the boy who was lying on the floor, and listened to his heart-beat; but as he was in the act of bending down I had taken up my position at the lad's feet and, fixing him with my eyes, I said:

"Bob, your heart is going tick-tack-tick-tack-tick-tack," and I clapped my hands very quickly in time with my words.

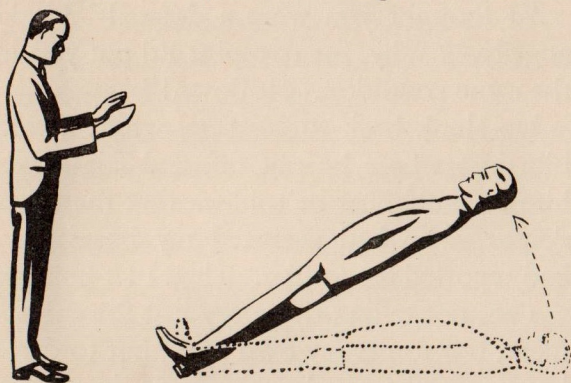
In case you do not understand this, I must explain that I had complete control of the heart, and so the heart went at whatever speed I told it—which is one of the reasons why I know that the body is "full of mind."

The doctor jumped up. "Good God!" he said. "His heart's going nineteen to the dozen!"

"Too fast for you?" I asked in an innocent sort of voice. "Oh, well, let's have it slower then!" and, so saying, I clapped my hands very slowly, and said dreamily, "tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . tock. . . ."

The boy's heart, of course, instantly started beating in time with my words, and the doctor got up with a very red face, and said: "You're not playing the game, Spray."

"I'm playing exactly the same game as you," I said, "I'm showing off my knowledge and power, just as you're showing off your ignorance and helplessness," for by this time I had got really annoyed with his bumptiousness which was based on nothing, and in a loud voice I demanded that he should sit down. Then, still standing at the feet of



HOW BOB ROSE

the lad, I said, "Bob, open your eyes and look at me!" The boy did so, and I fixed him with my eyes, and beckoned him with a movement of my hands, as if I were hauling in a rope. As I did so Bob began to levitate by rising upon his heels, just like the handle

of a rake would rise if someone stepped on the prongs, just as the sketch shows.

This was, of course, a demonstration of very great magnetic power, and it just about finished the doctor off, for he made a sudden dart behind me and tried to get down the stairs. He was frightened out of his life, but I caught him by the arm.

"I thought you were a doctor!" I said angrily. "Why, for two pins I'd put you in the same condition. Sit down!"

He slunk back to his seat, whilst I told him just where he got off, and frightened him so much that he told me that the other doctor, who had accepted my hospitality, had reported me to him. Then I let him go.

I am not telling this story just for amusement, nor to get my own back, but to drive home to the reader the way in which orthodox ignorance sets upon and strangles truth, and this is the same now all through the world.

I may say that the doctors concerned eventually ruined the case of the young man I was working upon, for the boy's home end was "got at," and so we lost our control of

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him. The end of this case was very sad. When Alice first diagnosed his case in trance, she said: "No alcohol!" and the boy reported to us several weeks later that when he had tried to get into a public-house, he was violently pushed from the doors by an unseen force. However, when our hold on him was broken by other influences then he slipped back into bad habits. He used to try to resist the bad influences, but we did not know of them in time.

The last time he came to us for treatment he was in a very bad way, and we could do nothing for him, for he had fallen into very bad hands, who were undoing our work as fast as we did it; the people at home had been telling him that we did not know what we were talking about, and therefore he disobeyed our instructions as regards alcohol. We did not know this until he told us in the last hypnotic sleep, but apparently certain persons were taking him to Hastings every night and getting him the worse for drink.

During his last sleep he told us that he saw a big figure eight, which rather puzzled us, so after he had gone I put Alice to sleep

and asked her what it meant. The answer came very slowly: "Wait and see!" We waited, we saw. Eight weeks later to the day he died.

Perhaps you would like now to hear a few quick cures which I have carried out.

A case of cataract came to me not long ago; a woman who could not see five yards. In two minutes she could see perfectly, and a Nurse Pennycroft who was present was utterly astounded.

A few months ago a painter who had lumbago, and who had been under the doctors for two or three years, was sent across from the local builder's yard by the clerk, Mr. Beanes, who told him that I would put him right. I cured him in less than five minutes. Mr. Beanes* had already been cured of lumbago in five minutes.

Mr. Harry Philpotts, from St. Leonards, came to me. He had been working for many months in great pain with neuritis, and in constant danger of losing his job. He had been under the doctors for a very long time, but they did not seem able to help him. At

*Testimony given at end of book.

his first visit I just contented myself with blowing upon his joints, after which he was able to work and walk well. The following day I gave him a proper treatment, and put him to sleep on an upturned bucket in a coal shed in front of his pals. Some of them were very interested, some were amused, and others were scared stiff.

Another case is that of a lady eaten up with rheumatism and sciatica. She was Mrs. Barton* of 61, Reginald Road, Bexhill, and she had paid pounds for several years without relief. Her pain was so bad that Mr. Barton could not get into bed without the poor old lady screaming in agony from the vibrations of the bed. I went round to their house and gave them both the first night's real rest they had had for years. Afterwards, I went round again and cured her.

Kathleen Fitzpatrick,* of 19, Bursland Road, Letchworth, had sugar diabetes. She had been injected with insulin in the legs, and these had swollen terribly. I could not tackle the diabetes, not knowing sufficient about it, and I will not deal with things I do

*Testimony given at end of book.

not understand—at least not in patients and strangers. However, I brought her legs practically to normal in one week, and she could then walk quite well, which she had not done for many years.

The reader may note that many of the diseases which I have cured seem to be of the nervous kind, that is to say, neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism and so on, and this is the type of case which responds the easiest to my treatment; but as I go along I find that worse and worse cases are curable, and I feel that much more may be done. But I would rather say too little about what I have done than too much, because after all, it is the truth, and only the truth, of these things that we want to get at.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION

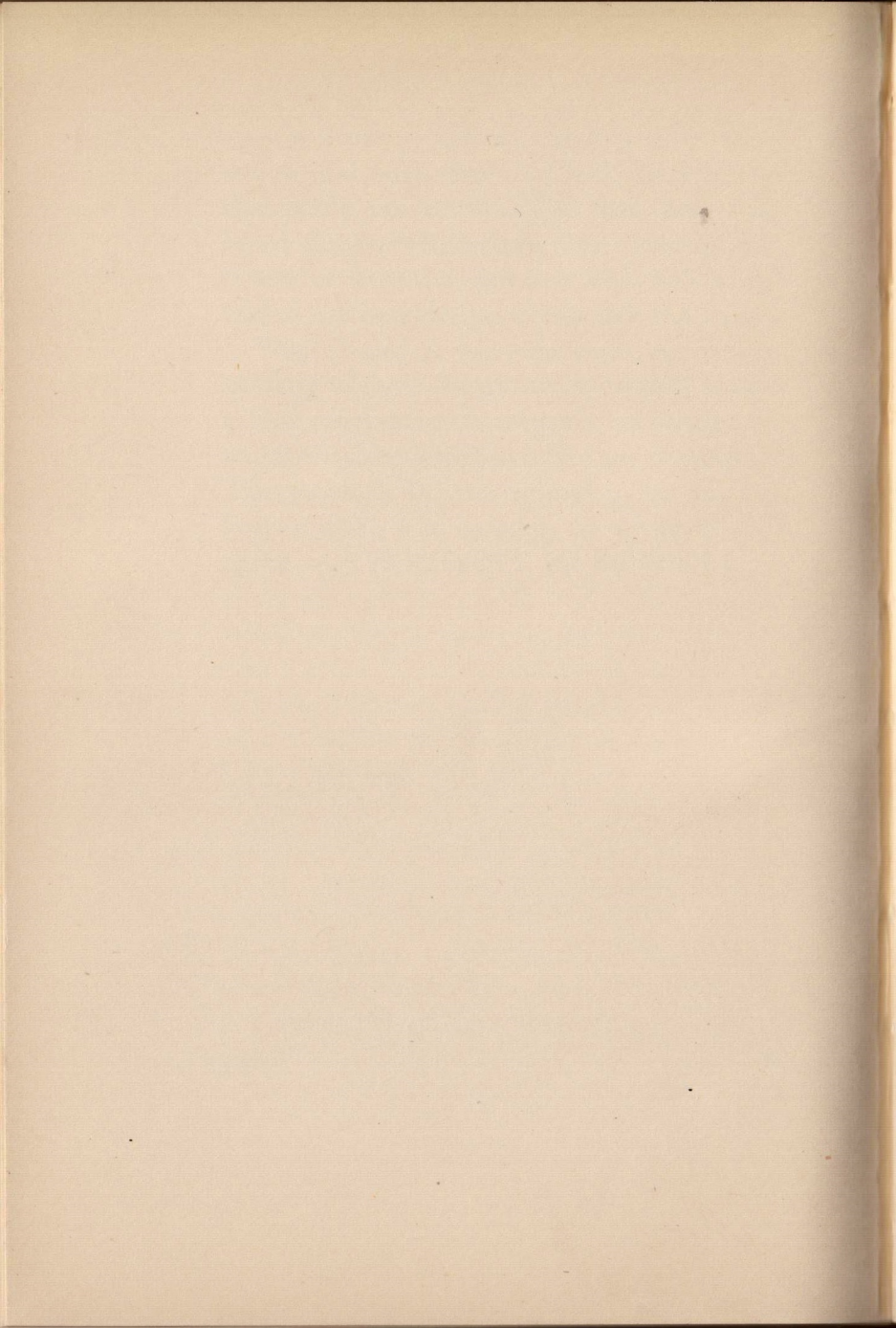
THIS little book is a record of progress. It is not a claim, it is a statement of facts. I do not teach a theory or preach a religion, but simply give up my time to helping where I can, and let the results come as they will. Perhaps this gives authority to my book which it would not otherwise have, for when I started off in life I believed in nothing, and when I took away my first headache it was by no intention of mine. When I put the first patient to sleep it was a joke with me, but even when I had accepted these things as possible, I hardly realized that by contacting with Alice I should be able to bring about the extraordinary things told about in this book.

So now, as always before, I go on rather blindly, but realizing my powers, and awaiting the next step. I believe firmly that a next

step is waiting, and a next step after that, and a next step after that still, for I know that in the end we shall find that there will be no disease which cannot be cured by the power of the mind, and that there will be no end to the knowledge which men can gain.

Why should I, who ten years ago knew nothing of these things, and who now know a little, suppose that to-day's knowledge is any more complete than it was ten years ago? The power is like the lightning, for no one knows when it is coming, or where it will strike.

LETTERS IN TESTIMONY



LETTERS IN TESTIMONY

8 Sewell Avenue,
Bexhill-on-Sea,
29th November, 1934.

Dear Mr. Mott,

The story about Alice's burned knee is exactly as stated in the proofs which I have seen of Mr. Spray's book.

Yours faithfully,
H. E. Wall.

44, St. Mary's Road,
Leyton, E.10.

Mr. Mott.

Dear Sir,

I would like to give my testimony as regards the power of Mr. Spray and his assistant Miss A.

In the year 1930 about the end of July, I was in great anxiety concerning my daughter, who was

then in Australia, I had sent a cable to her and desired to know if she had received it.

I was staying in Hastings with a friend, and Mr. Spray called to see me with his assistant.

Mr. Spray put her (Miss A.) into a sleep. During that sleep she travelled to Australia, describing the house, also my daughter, whom she had never seen, also the two children. I asked Miss A. to see if my daughter had received cable. She answered: "Yes, she has received it, now she takes it from a vase or jar on the shelf," then I asked: "Can you tell me if all is well, will she come home, as ticket is paid for, will she get safely away?" Miss A. answered: "Don't worry, although she is crying, she is coming home to you, she is now getting things ready." These facts were perfectly true. My daughter arrived home near the last week in September after seven weeks' voyage.

I have also been rung up by Mr. Spray when Miss A. has been with me, he has said: "Now send her to the telephone and watch."

I have told her she was wanted at 'phone, she has gone to 'phone and I have heard Mr. Spray say "sleep" and Miss A. has stood there as though asleep, would not speak, or answer me if I

spoke to her, apparently quite hypnotized until he released her.

I have seen many demonstrations of his work, and I am quite sure he is very sincere in all things. You may use this letter as you like, if it is of any value to you.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) E. Edey.

*3, Devonshire Square,
Bexhill,
26th November, 1934.*

Dear Mr. Spray,

I am very pleased to state that recently, by your manipulative treatment alone and in a very few minutes, you thoroughly cured me of a severe attack of lumbago, and that I have not had the slightest sign of the return of this distressing complaint.

Again thanking you.

Yours very truly,
H. W. Beanes.

Mr. A. Spray,
Station Road,
Bexhill.

61 Reginald Road,
Bexhill-on-Sea.

Mr. Spray.

Dear Sir,

I wish to thank you for what you have done for my wife. After years of suffering and pounds spent on doctors and other so-called cures which done her no good you by your method cured her. She has no more pain from Rheumatism or Neuritis since. Again thanking you and wishing you every success.

Yours,

G. Barton.

Northfield,
19, Bursland,
Letchworth.

18.9.34.

Mr. A Spray,
Station Road,
Bexhill.

Dear Mr. Spray,

I believe that Kathleen before leaving Bexhill said she would let Dr. — know that your treatment had benefited her.

She has been away from home for nearly three weeks with her pupil's family so I wrote to Dr. — and received a reply.

I send you herewith a copy of each letter.

I should like to take this opportunity of again expressing my thanks for your efforts in her case and can assure you that Kathleen was very well indeed up to the time she went away and from her letters I believe she is still very fit. My wife and I hope you are yourself keeping very well in health, both for your own sake and that of your patients.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

E. F. Fitzpatrick.

To Dr. —

12.9.34.

Dear Sir,

I should like to add my testimony to the healing powers undoubtedly possessed by Mr. A. Spray of Station Road, Bexhill, to which you referred in an issue of some weeks ago. I had no previous knowledge of Mr. Spray, but a friend drew my attention to your remarks during my holiday stay at Bexhill, and I obtained an introduction to him. I asked his advice concerning my daughter who has been suffering from diabetes for many years, and as a result of insulin injections her legs were swollen in a manner which made her figure very ungainly and her flesh abnormally hard.

As a result of Mr. Spray's manipulations, he refused to call it massage, the size of her limbs were considerably reduced and, although I cannot say that her main trouble has been removed, her general condition, mental and physical, shows such improvement that we feel very grateful to you for your courage in reporting cases of healing by an unorthodox practitioner. I apologize for troubling you with this but my daughter and I both thought some acknowledgment was due.

Yours, etc.,

E. F. Fitzpatrick.

Breakwaters,
Bexhill-on-Sea,
18th January, 1929.

Dear Mr. Spray,

I am very pleased with the brogues you have made for me and shall have great pleasure in recommending your work to my friends.

I am also more than grateful for the treatment you have given with such gratifying success to Allan and enclose a cheque for five guineas. Will you please get with the balance something you would like in token of my gratitude for your astonishing skill, or rather gift, of healing, which has so greatly helped both my wife and Allan.

*Yours very truly,
F. H. de Salgé.*

28, Wilton Road,
Bexhill-on-Sea,
24th November, 1934.

For about two years I suffered with Rheumatism in my knees. I tried several remedies but could not get much relief from them. I went to see Mr. Spray of 16, Station Road, Bexhill. He

*simply blew on my knees and to my great surprise
I had no pain that night nor have I had it since.
This happened eighteen months ago.*

F. Kuchlin.

*18, Holliers Hill,
Bexhill.*

*Can testify to Mr. Spray's ability to cure
lumbago as he put me right in two minutes and
have had no recurrence of since although I have
been subject to lumbago for some years.*

W. Ellis.

*Catsfield,
Nr. Battle,
Sussex.*

Dear Mr. Spray,

*I want to thank you for what you have done
for me, my health in general is a complete success,
my eyes are perfectly well for which I shall always
be thankful that I had enough faith for to let you
put me to sleep. Again thanking you.*

Yours truly,

Mrs. Foster.

16, London Road,
Bexhill-on-Sea.
9th January, 1935

Dear Mr. Mott,

I am glad to be able to testify to the healing powers of Arthur Spray.

About four years ago I was afflicted with the loss of the left arm which became quite paralysed. The right arm, being overloaded with work, got neuritis.

I was fifteen weeks under treatment at the hospital which helped me, but afterwards I became ill again.

Mr. Spray cured me by his treatment so that I have been able to work ever since without any recurrence of the trouble.

Yours faithfully,

J. J. Harris.

Here follows a cross made by Mr. Harris and witnessed by John Macadam of the "Sunday Dispatch."

Starboard,
Baldwin Avenue,
Eastbourne.

Thurs., 19th January, 1935.

Dear Sir,

On Monday 14th last, I was present at a demonstration of Mr. Spray's healing powers.

A lady with a membranous cataract had approached Mr. Spray for help.

Both my friend and myself saw her when she arrived and she could not see the length of Mr. Spray's little booby-butch—about five feet.

Mr. Spray removed the cataracts in about five minutes without any pain whatsoever, and the lady could then see to read the label on a brown paper parcel at the far end of the booby-butch.

A few days later she came into my Bexhill shop when I was present and said that her eyes were better than they had been for years.

I am glad to testify to this demonstration.

P. H. Cameron.

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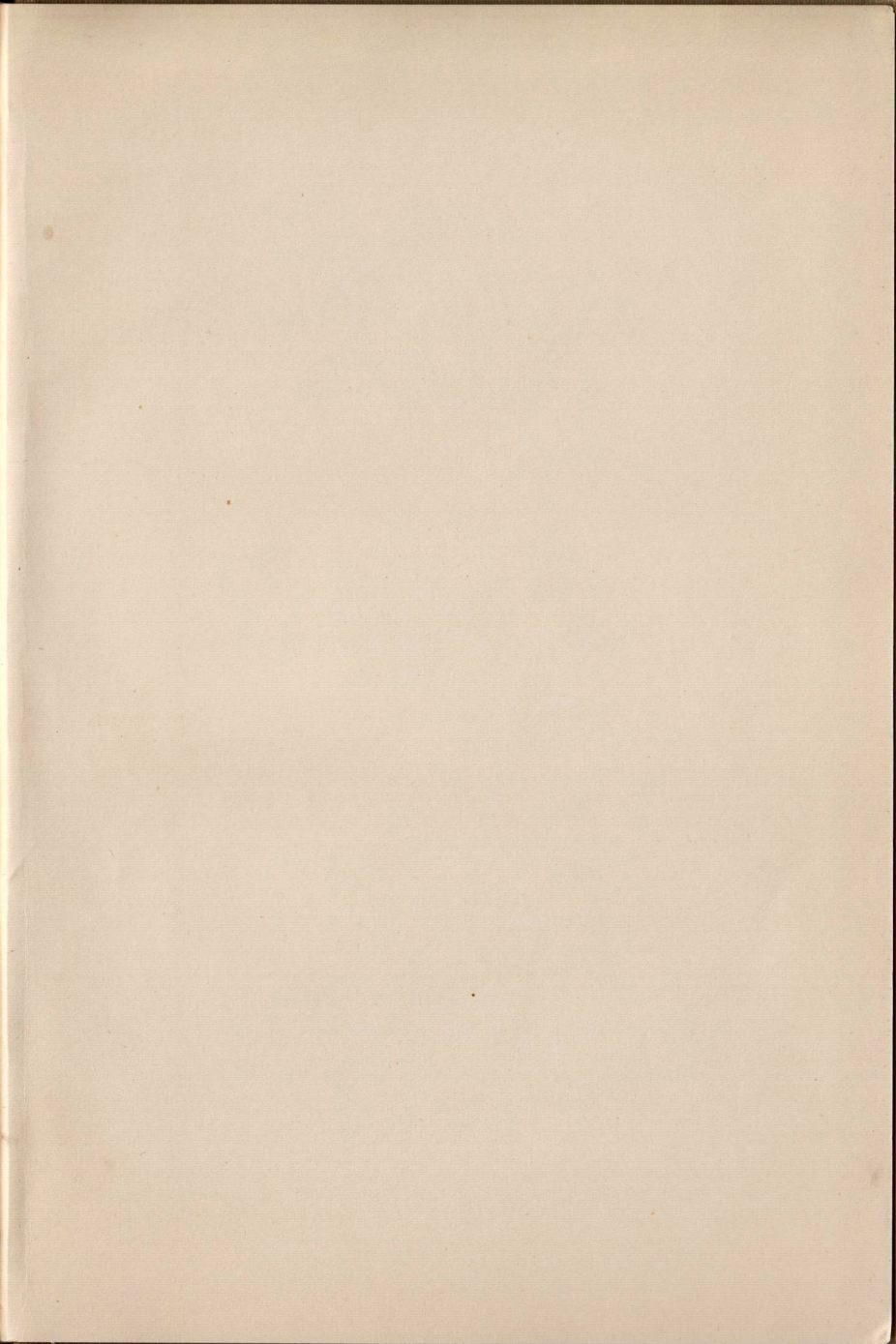
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